

LIFE



WAR STAMP BRIDE

JUNE 22, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Nursemaid to a 20-ton Clipper!



PAN AMERICAN'S JOE WULLER is chief of the "Beaching Crew" at the famous Miami base where the big, ocean-flying Clippers take off for the West Indies, Central and South America. Signaling with his arms and his whistle to direct the actions of 21 men, a tractor and a motor boat, Joe takes over each Clipper as she glides to a landing. "Babying" it every minute, he inches it out of the water and into the hangar for a thorough overhaul; then launches it again, ready for another trip to a foreign port.



He's a "Self-Starter"

Joe Wuller's job calls for skill and alertness at all times. Here's what he has to say about breakfast: "You've got to keep your eyes open when you're beaching or launching one of our big Clippers. I've found that the breakfast that helps keep me in there pitching is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and plenty of cool milk. It's a great favorite here at the employees' cafeteria, too."

Look for **Kellogg's** the Greatest Name in Cereals!



HELEN WAS FOOLED... she blamed her itching, irritated scalp on the sun, but cutting out sun-baths didn't help. Then she learned about the infectious type of dandruff and how to treat it with Listerine and massage. Before long she was delighted to find those annoying symptoms beginning to disappear.



AND SO WAS BOB... he thought he could get rid of those distressing flakes and scales with one application of some overnight remedy. He found, however, that it required persistent treatment, and used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily to fight the condition. Now his scalp feels "like a million."



AND SO WAS MRS. K... she blamed it on reducing and changed her diet. Then an advertisement suggested that the condition might be the infectious type of dandruff. "It's simply wonderful," she says, "how Listerine Antiseptic and massage helped me."

ITCHY SCALP?... TELL-TALE FLAKES?... UGLY SCALES?

IT MAY BE **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!**



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

AND in the infectious type of dandruff millions of germs are active on your scalp. Now, isn't it sensible to fight an infection with a treatment that kills germs? Listerine Antiseptic and massage, the tested treatment, does just that,—and often brings wonderful improvement! When you massage Listerine onto your scalp, millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff are literally "blitzed" to death.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Even large numbers of Pityrosporum ovale, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many leading authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff, are destroyed by Listerine's quick, germ-killing action!

The Listerine Antiseptic treatment is simple, easy, delightful. It gives your scalp and hair a cooling antiseptic bath... and here's what happens, as shown by a large majority of clinical test cases: **1.** Loosened, ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. **2.** Itching and irritation are relieved. **3.** Inflammation is allayed. **4.** Your scalp feels healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

We said that Listerine Antiseptic was tested. That's under-statement. Listerine was tested under exacting scientific supervision. Listerine was tested under severe clinical conditions. *And, in a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and*

massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month!

If you wish more evidence, add to the above the constant stream of letters from people who use Listerine Antiseptic at home. They're over-joyed with the way Listerine gets after the symptoms of infectious dandruff.

So don't delay. Neglect may aggravate the trouble. Start in today with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It has helped so many others, it may help you. Remember—Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

P.S. A little loving care is what your teeth need and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**

This One



3GPF-L8R-GBLB

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A while back, Davy
Joined the Navy.
And whenever he had leave
He'd visit, if he could, his old
girl, Genevieve.
But by and by her home which
receptions had been warm at
Lost the welcome from its doormat.



At last, or so Dave reckoned,
The fiddle he would play would not
be second.
But when her man is way out yonder
A gal of other guys grows fonder;
And all the men that Genevieve
knew
Wore, like Davy, Arrows, too.
And so when Davy called
Genevieve hemmed and hawed and
stalled.
But it was fated:
They dated.



ARROW SHIRTS

See: HITT • HULL • GORDON

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

★ BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS ★



Well, Davy got to be a C.P.O.
(Chief Petty Officer, just in case
you didn't know).
These higher-ups among the sailors
Look as if they'd been turned out by
swanky custom tailors.
The shirts they wear are crisp and
white;
Might they be Arrows? Yes, they
might.

Davy found that Arrow Collars
Are nearly as smart as Defense
Bond dollars.
And whether you're small or big your
Arrow "Mitoga" fits your figure.



Back to his ship don't think we're
sending
Dave without a happy ending.
For his term at sea
Had made him handsome as can be.
And in his Arrow Shirts, was Gen
Hard for him to win again?

Of her eye he re-became the apple
And pronto they were married in
their favorite chapel.
Now Davy's ego is so expanded
That he'll tell you it won't be
planes, or ships, or cannon that
will win the war, but that he'll
win it single-handed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS WAR WITH MIRRORS

Sirs:

I was delighted with your Newsfront
page entitled "Washington is Fighting
a War with Mirrors" (LIFE, June 1).

Last Monday night in Boston Mr.
Ickes told the tire and fuel dealers that
the situation in regard to fuel, gasoline
and tires was much more serious than
anyone had comprehended. Then, on
the following day, the President spoke
of relief in the near future.

The public at large cannot be blamed
for loose talk when so much of it
originates in Washington, D. C.

WILLARD A. ORMSBEE
Taunton, Mass.

Sirs:

That was a whale of a good News-
front page. I like to see somebody get
mad—I'm mad myself.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Sirs:

Re: your magnificent "War with
Mirrors." Words are weapons and we
need an arsenal. Keep it up.

RICHARD B. NEFF
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I can't help but spend this valued
minute (I am on leave) in saying "good
work" on your "War with Mirrors."

PVT. ARTHUR H. GOLDMAN
Fort Bragg, N. C.

Sirs:

I hope everyone in Washington reads
that piece and understands it. And I
hope every person who guides news-
paper editorial policies in this country
does the same thing.

More power to you!
ROBERT E. WADE JR.
Oakland, Calif.

THE "FERBERTS"

Sirs:

Among the pictures of the 21 launch-
ings on Maritime Day (LIFE, June 8)
was one of the A. H. Ferbert landing
"with a splash in the Detroit River."



OLD FERBERT IN ACTION



NEW FERBERT IS LAUNCHED

I watched the unloading of this same
freighter at Two Harbors, Minn. on
Sept. 7, 1940 as the enclosed photo-
graph shows. How come? Is someone
trying to kid the American public?

JOSEPH VALASEK
Minneapolis, Minn.

● The former A. H. Ferbert was re-
named the Herman C. Strom and Pres-
ident Ferbert of Pittsburgh Steamship
Co. has a new ore carrier named in
his honor.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)

IF YOU WEAR GLASSES...



...give your eyes new
comfort this Summer

Enjoy being outdoors this Summer . . .
wear Sport Shade Soft-Lite Lenses, ground
to your own prescription to protect your
eyes against sun and glare.

WHY SQUINT UNCOMFORTABLY in the bright
sunshine? Why fuss with dark, heavy, ex-
tra lenses that fit over your regular glasses
or wear "goggles" that do not give you
your normal, corrected vision? When you
wear Sport Shade Soft-Lite Lenses you will
enjoy the keen, effortless sight of your
regular glasses, plus scientific protection
from excess glare and light.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED for outdoor wear,
Sport Shade Soft-Lite Lenses are made
from the finest ophthalmic glass. They are
the same high quality as regular Soft-Lite
Lenses worn by several million people in
every-day glasses. Sport Shade Soft-Lite
Lenses are distinctively rose colored. In
addition to providing greater comfort,
they are preferred by many for their
better appearance.

THE WISEST INVESTMENT you can make this
Summer is to visit the man who fits your
glasses. Ask him to make
your prescription in Sport
Shade Soft-Lite, and wear
them in the frame or
mounting you like best!

There is only
one Soft-Lite—identified
by this certificate.

Sport Shade

Soft-Lite Lenses

Soft-Lite Lenses are made by Bausch & Lomb solely for the
Soft-Lite Lens Company, Bausch Building, New York, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



A Message of Confidence

The war has brought many changes to the Bell System. The nation needed telephone facilities in new places. It needed more facilities in the usual places. It needed all facilities in a hurry.

Shortages of essential materials brought new problems and new achievements in research and in manufacturing. Telephone calls increased about ten million a day.

Yet all this has been done without great change in your telephone service. Millions of subscribers

have felt no difference. The record as a whole has been good. That is the way it should be and the Bell System aims to keep it that way.

But when war needs delay your call, when you can't get just the service or equipment you need, let's put the blame right where it belongs — on the war.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Service to the Nation in Peace and War

★ **"WE'RE SPREADING
THE NEWS ABOUT THIS
DELICIOUS NEW
BRAN"**



"We've just got to tell the world about Nabisco 100% Bran — and what a pleasant, natural way it is to help relieve constipation caused by too little bulk. We want to let folks know that Nabisco 100% Bran is a new form of bran—different in two important ways!"

★ **"SING A SONG
OF FLAVOR"**

"Delicious! Delectable! That's one reason everybody's so enthusiastic about Nabisco 100% Bran. And try the recipe for muffins on the Nabisco 100% Bran package if you want a real thrill!"



★ **"SUCH GENTLE ACTION"**

"That's the second part of the big news on Nabisco 100% Bran. Double-milling makes the bran fibers smaller—less likely to be irritating. Nabisco 100% Bran contains iron, phosphorus and Vitamin B₁, too. I'm telling the world to buy a package today!"

**"YOU KNOW THIS BRAN
IS GOOD — IT'S MADE
BY NABISCO, BAKERS
OF YOUR FAVORITE
CRACKERS AND COOKIES"**



Accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association

Nabisco 100% Bran comes in both pound and half-pound packages. Eat it regularly. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

**BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

**LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS**
(continued)

DISSENT ON JAYS

Sirs:
In your article about blue jays (LIFE, June 1) you tried literally to "paint a crow white!"

From some 25 years of close observation of the habits of jays, I cannot find a single thing in defense of them. They eat all the nestlings of songbirds they possibly can find, and just go around from one nest to another, killing the helpless little ones therein, seemingly for the sport of it. They also prey on grown birds of smaller size, such as linnets, wrens and bushtits.

Every time a jay heaves in sight here, the garden is in a veritable uproar, the same as when a hawk appears; and in the hills, where jays abound, there are hardly any other birds to be seen, except brown thrashers and such as are big enough to hold their own. I have watched jays attack small chicks, and destroy young quail.

Jays remind me too much of Hitler
H. BRABON

Bel Air, Calif.

Sirs:
You say the blue jay is an honorable bird and yet admit he steals acorns from squirrels and eats other birds' eggs. Are these honorable acts? You say that he is a forester and imply that he is a sociologist, maybe familiar with Darwinian and Malthusian ideas on populations. The Jay himself would call such talk nonsense.

JOHN D. GUTHRIE
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:
I saw a jay steal an egg. He spoked the egg on the end of his bill and then, by opening his bill very slightly, he sucked the contents, not losing a drop.

LUCRETIA FRY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:
Last Tuesday I was innocently standing in the yard when I received a severe whack on the back of my head. It was a blue jay that delivered the blow.

MABEL GIBSON
Chatham, N. J.

BACK TO CARRIAGES

Sirs:
You describe the five horse-drawn carriages, shown in your Picture of the Week of Trinity Station, Back Bay, Boston (LIFE, June 1), as "Country Broughams."

As a matter of fact there is not a "country brougham" shown in the entire set of five carriages. The first one on the left-hand side of the picture is



BOSTON'S CARRIAGES

what is known in the trade as an "extension-front brougham," having in the small extension front a small "drop seat." Of course, the next carriage is a victoria and the fourth is a vis-à-vis, but the other two are just plain city broughams. Nothing country about them. I know, because before practicing law I was a builder of carriages and have sold many thousands of dollars worth of broughams, victorias, vis-à-vis, landaus, coaches, drags or, what are called by some, tallyhoes. Since we are going to be seeing a lot of carriages in the near future, it is worth getting straight.

LINCOLN TYLER
Seattle, Wash.

(continued on p. 5)

SINCE WHEN HAVE
YOU BEEN MAKING SUCH
DELICIOUS COFFEE, EDNA?

IT'S NOT ME, IT'S MY
AUTOMATIC **Sunbeam**
COFFEEMASTER —
I can't miss!



Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
COFFEEMASTER

BY THE MAKERS OF SUNBEAM MIXMASTER

Coffee is ALWAYS perfect when Coffeemaster makes it because everything is Automatic. No watching. No guesswork. You simply put in the water and coffee, set the switch and forget it. Coffeemaster automatically shuts itself off when the coffee is done, and then re-sets itself to keep the coffee piping hot. Whether you make one cup or eight, the water is always at the correct high heat, and the brewing time is always uniform—secrets of a perfect brew. No glass bowls to break, either.

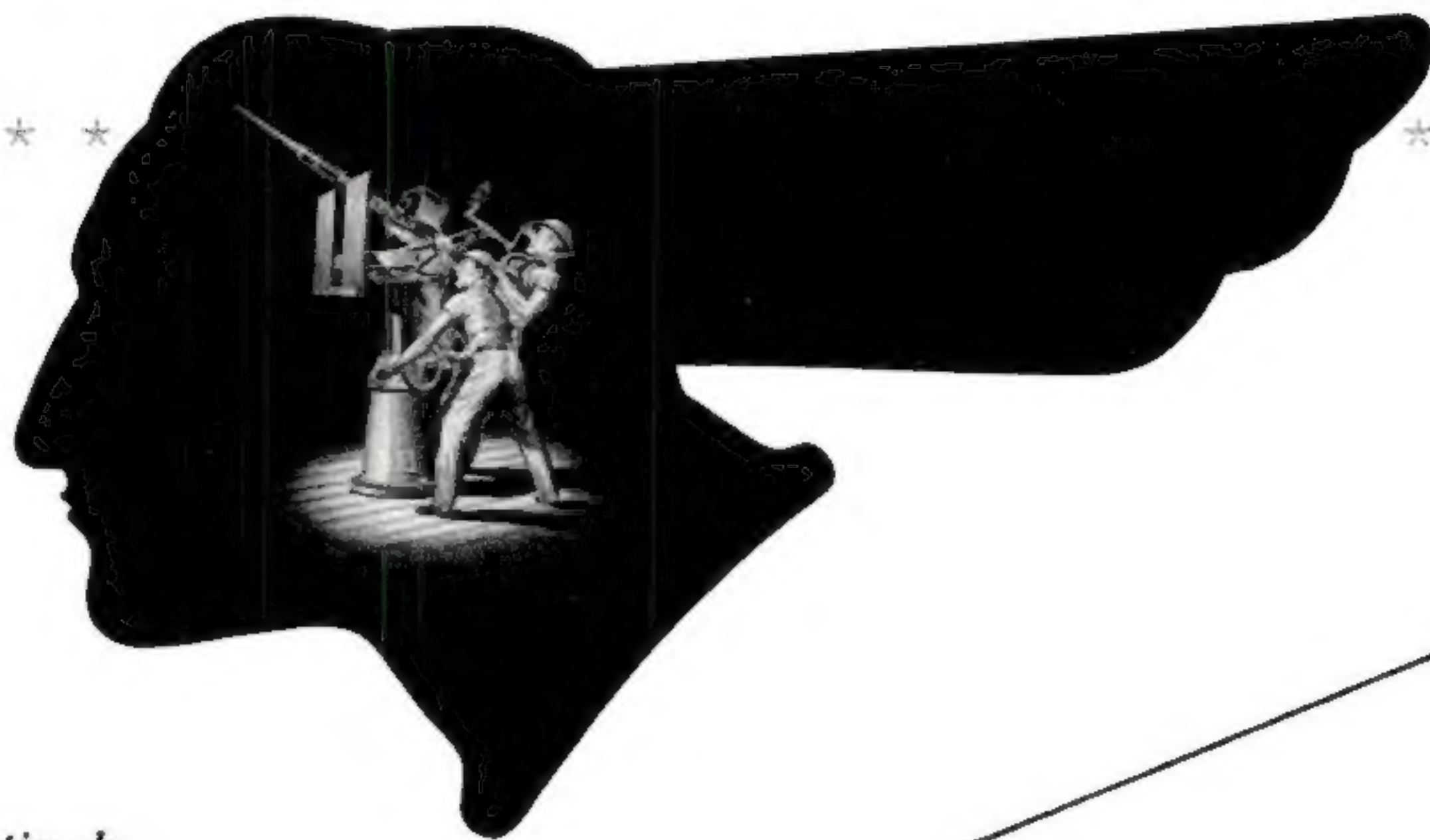
Many dealers have Coffeemaster, but if your dealer should not, it is because of the "all out" war production program at the Sunbeam factory. In such a case, put Coffeemaster on your "VICTORY LIST" of things to get first when peace returns. (We'll continue to advertise so you'll remember.)



A Put in the water and coffee.
B FLIP THE SWITCH AND FORGET IT. In a few minutes click!... it shuts itself off, then re-sets itself to keep coffee hot.
C LOVELIEST OF SERVERS by simply removing brew-top.

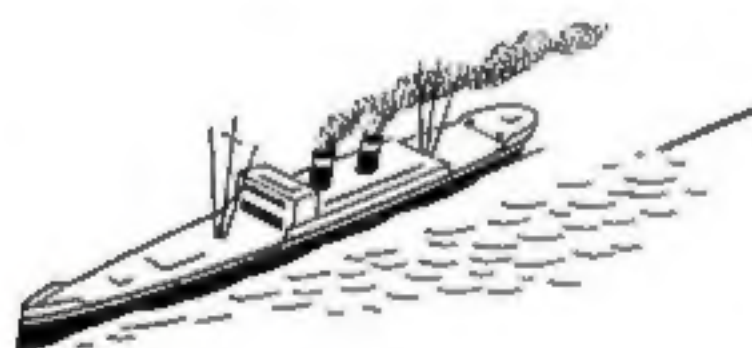
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., Dept. 53, 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd., S., Toronto. Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

Pontiac Reports to the Nation on Arms Production!



On April 30th, at 11:50 P.M., Pontiac delivered its **100th** automatic anti-aircraft cannon to the United States Navy.

The contract covering this important war assignment called for the production of only **10** guns up to that date.



Thus, Pontiac deliveries of these vitally-needed weapons have exceeded the rate of production specified in the contract by 12 times and the time specification by 7 months.

ABLE TO disintegrate dive bombers with a spray of explosive shells, the **16-inch** cannon was once the handmade dream of a **19th-century** ordnance wizard. Today, guns of the same type—but officially recognized as better built and less expensive—are being pressed into immediate service on the fighting ships of the U. S. Navy, the **16-inch** Navy and on **16-inch** that sail the seven seas.

The attainment of volume production on this desperately wanted weapon is but one salient in Pontiac's production of arms. Concurrently, Pontiac men are at work on six additional assignments involving the elements of victory on land, afloat and in the air.

Assignment No. 2 calls for the production of a total of **100,000** **16** mm. anti-aircraft guns for the U. S. Army. In a **16**-acre plant, tooling is proceeding, ahead of schedule, which

calls for the delivery of the first gun before **1st. 1942**.

Far exceeding in complexity either of the foregoing is Pontiac assignment No. 3—one of the most complicated instruments of attack developed in the history of warfare. Comprising over 4300 separate parts, its production in quantity is a challenge which we at Pontiac have eagerly accepted. Previously, its maximum total production in this country was at a rate of only **1** a month. According to schedule, we will be producing **1** a day before **1st. 1942**.

Supplementing these major activities are 3 others, widely different in character—each calling for special organization,

facilities and personnel.

They involve respectively: the current production of **100** heavy-duty **16** engine inter-assemblies a month—which will be quadrupled in **10** months; the manufacture of vital transport mechanisms at a rate of **100** a day; the production of **1** large tank unit-assemblies a week in an especially tooled **16**-acre plant; and, finally, the crating each 24-hours for overseas shipment of **100** heavy-duty military vehicles being produced by an allied member of the General Motors family.

This is Pontiac's first report to the Nation on its progress to date in the production of arms for victory. In making it, we salute the men on the far-flung battle lines, to whose valor and self-sacrifice we all owe so much... and whose deeds serve as a constant inspiration to greater effort on our part.

Awarded on January 20th, 1942, to PONTIAC for outstanding production of Navy ordnance.



Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.



Pontiac DIVISION OF General Motors

Lady Fair spurns HOLIDAY HAIR



When swimming leaves your hair a frazzle—
Girls like me you'll never dazzle!
Don't use more water! Here's a tip—
Use KREML after every dip!



With hair a wind-tossed, dusty tangle
A date with me you'll never wangle!
And don't think goo makes grooming easy—
Try KREML! Leaves hair smooth—not greasy!



Poor sunbaked pate! I don't know whether
KREML would have helped you ever.
But KREML massage and proper care
Helps check excessive falling hair.



Your KREML hair so neat and smooth
Will keep our romance in the groove!
KREML removes loose dandruff, too—
Once you've used it—no other will do!



DON'T USE WATER  USE
KREML



REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair both before and after permanents.

Hair-Care Combination: Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. Get BOTH at your drugstore.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

... AND TROLLEYS

Sirs:

Not only the horse but the trolley is coming back. In Newark, N. J. the New-



TROLLEY DELIVERS PAPERS

ark Evening News has chartered cars of the Public Service Railway for delivering newspapers to dealers.

RICHARD H. YOUNG
Clifton, N. J.

YALE

Sirs:

A year ago I sat on the Yale fence and gazed at the statue of Nathan Hale. I noticed that the doves and harbor gulls had been there ahead of me. I sang to myself a famous Sankey hymn.

The picture of the statue in your Yale story (LIFE, June 1) makes me think that this state of affairs is chronic. At New Haven there are many students from foreign lands and, if there is one from the Guano Islands, I suggest he be put in charge of the situation.

J. R. HOWE
Norwich, Conn.

● John Harvard (LIFE, May 5, 1941) is another victim. The relevant lines from the Sankey hymn:

"To him who overcomes the foe
White raiment shall be given."—ED.

Sirs:

On the Yale shield is a Hebrew inscription. Would it be possible to get the words of this inscription and their significance?

BERNARD BARNETT
Libertyville, Ill.

● Transliterated it says: "Urim V'tumim"; translated it means: "Light and Truth."—ED.

ZERO PLANE

Sirs:

Robert Sherrod in his article "Kill or Be Killed" (LIFE, June 1) tells how seven of our P-39's surrounded one Zero fighter over Australia. But instead of being shot down, the Jap zoomed straight up and disappeared out of sight.

Can LIFE supply a picture of a Zero plane?

JOSEPH CHENEVERT
Waterville, Me.

● There are no pictures yet available of the Zero plane, though pictures of wrecked Zeros are due soon from Australia. It is a single seater with a 900-1,000-h.p., 14-cylinder, double-row, radial engine, retractable landing gear and generally trim construction. Its low wing-loading, characteristic of Japanese design, gives it maneuverability; supercharging gives it altitude.—ED.

Editorial correspondence
should be addressed to:
THE EDITOR, LIFE
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY

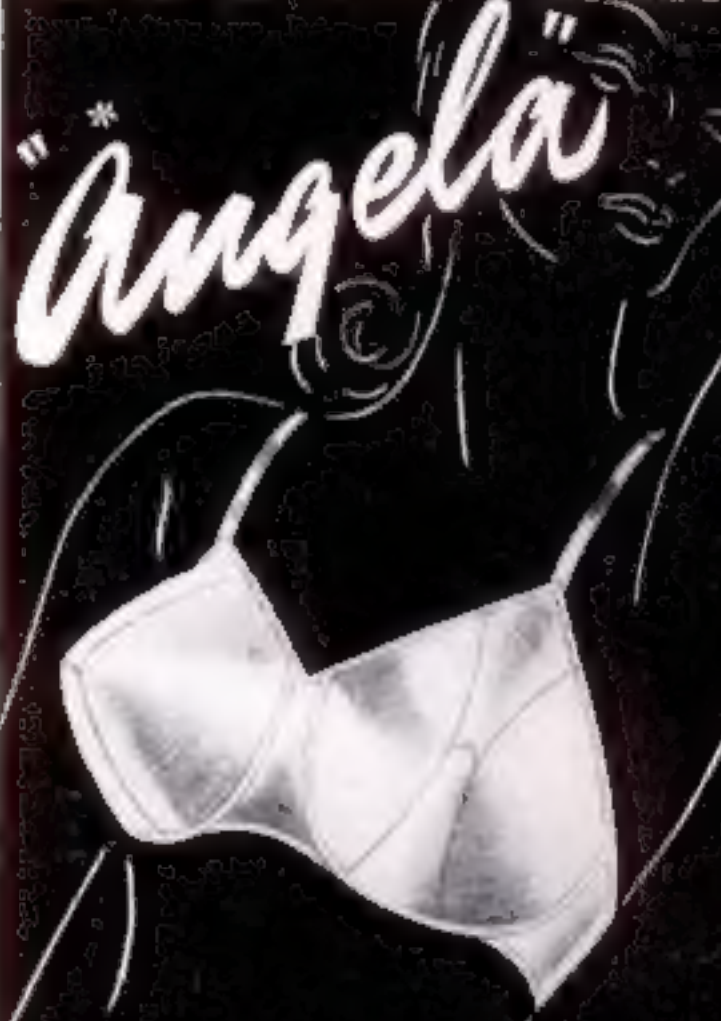
THE ONLY GENUINE WINDBREAKER



SHOWER-PROOF \$8.95
GABARDINE

WINDBREAKER is America's
Most Famous Name in Jackets
A Masterpiece of Craftsmanship
VARIOUS STYLES AND FABRICS FOR
MEN, BOYS AND JUVENILES
SOLD AT AMERICA'S LEADING STORES
JOHN RISSMAN & SON, Chicago

BESTFORM



This cleverly constructed "Angela" bra is high on your "preferred list" of Bestform brassieres—one of a varied, complete collection designed for all figure types. It affords control from the sides as well as uplift from underneath. Cotton and rayon

batiste; center section of "Darleen" elastic.

79¢

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS, Inc. • 358 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

ROMANCE IS ON THE MARCH!

Beat the Drums

WEST POINT! Citadel of Heroes! What a stirring, breathless background for this glorious adventure!—It's a rousing successor to "A Yank in the R. A. F." and "To the Shores of Tripoli"! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!

GEORGE MONTGOMERY • MAUREEN O'HARA • JOHN SUTTON

TEN
GENTLEMEN
from
WEST POINT

with
LAIRD CREGAR • John Shepperd • Victor Francen
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by William Perlberg

A
20TH
CENTURY-FOX
TRIUMPH!

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING!



THREE-FOURTHS FILIPINO, ONE-FOURTH CHINESE



FIFTEEN-SIXTEENTHS HAWAIIAN, ONE-SIXTEENTH WHITE BLOOD



PURE JAPANESE. THEY ARE LARGEST SINGLE RACIAL GROUP

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . HAWAIIAN ISLANDS HAVE MANY RACES, MORE COMBINATIONS

PURE KOREAN. THEY NUMBER 2,000 IN HAWAII



PURE SPANISH. THEY HAVE DECLINED PERCEPTIBLY SINCE 1915



THREE-FOURTHS HAWAIIAN, BALANCE CHINESE, AND WHITE

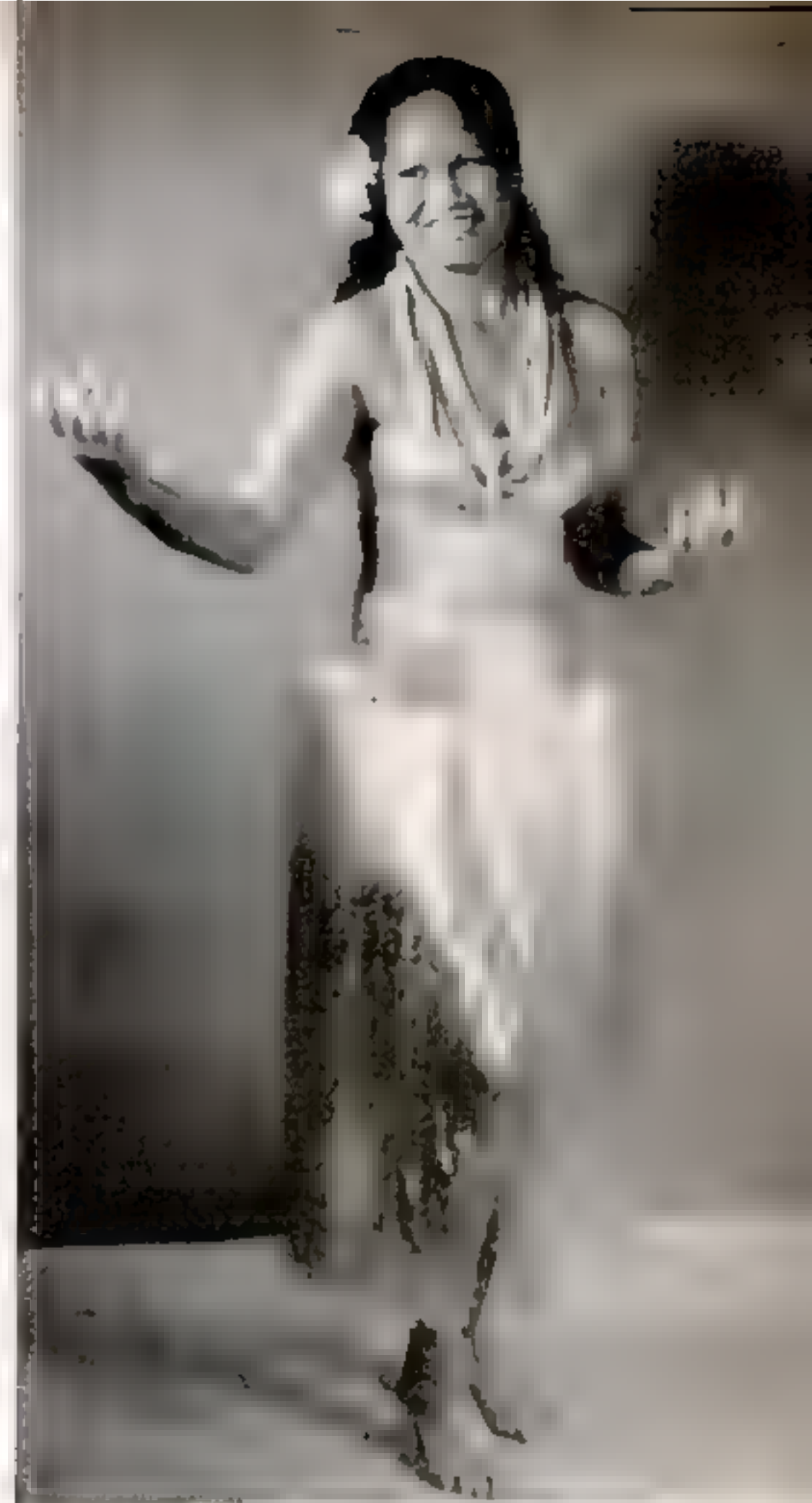




PURE PORTUGUESE. THEY FIRST ARRIVED IN THE 1870'S



THIS SINGER IS MOSTLY FILIPINO WITH A TRACE OF SPANISH



SEVEN-EIGHTHS HAWAIIAN, ONE-EIGHTH CHINESE

Travelers and military analysts who consider only the hula, surf bathing and strange values of Hawaii, are blind to its true significance as a perfect laboratory for observing the effects of human race crossing. The peoples of the earth meet in Hawaii, are today earnestly fighting for blood ties to a fare-thee-well.

THIS CHILD'S FATHER IS A HINDU. HER MOTHER A DANE

Hawaii was first settled over a thousand years ago by Polynesians who lived undisturbed for centuries until 100,000 of them were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778. Today pure Hawaiians number 14,000 as against 160,000 Japanese, 150,000 whites, 12,000 Filipinos, 20,000 Chinese, smaller numbers of several other groups

PURE CHINESE. CHINESE WERE AMONG THE EARLIEST SETTLERS

and 52,000 part Hawaiians of every conceivable combination. These photographs were taken during six years' residence in the islands by Dr. William W. Keen, a race biologist who finds little evidence of exceptional "hybrid vigor" or "weakness" - instead a melting pot bubbling comfortably to produce a fine healthy stew.

PURE HAWAIIAN. PURE BLOOD. A RARITY TODAY





“Put ‘em on, Matildy, an’ see if you can read”

Grandma used to get her “specs” from a big city mail-order house. All she had to do was to cut out the advertisement in the country paper, give her age and check the first line of type that “blurred.” When her glasses came, everybody in the village post office wanted to “try on Matildy’s new specs.”

Once again Matildy could spend many a long winter evening enjoying the wonders of mail-order catalogs by the light of the old oil lamp. Thus mail-order specs brought back the joys of reading to Matildy and the aging eyes of hundreds of thousands of others who wrote many a letter of honest thanks to the mail-order houses.

Mail-order specs served a useful purpose in many cases. But that was when reading glasses were worn on the forehead or in the pocket more than in front of the eyes. That was before the busy life of today began to exact its terrific toll on eyes and eyesight and created the need for true professional services.

Since the day of the mail-order specs, research and science and advanced education in professional fields have come to the rescue of overworked eyes; and today, thanks to this professional progress, Americans’ eyes get professional service that is unequalled the world over.

Give your eyes the benefit of this professional service by consulting ethical professional prac-

tioners about your eyesight. Select your Ophthalmologist and Ophthalmic Dispenser or your Optometrist with the utmost care.

“No two pairs of eyes are exactly alike, and spectacles, if you need them, can never be any better than the prescription they interpret and then only if they fit your individual needs.”*

Protect your most priceless possession by consulting a professional Optometrist or an Ophthalmologist and an Ophthalmic Dispenser. Look for eye comfort and visual efficiency through ethical services.

Don’t “buy specs.” Don’t gamble with your eyes at a bargain counter.

*From the AMERICAN Plan

American  Optical
COMPANY

FOUNDED IN 1833—THE WORLD’S LARGEST SUPPLIERS TO THE OPHTHALMIC PROFESSIONS

Copyright, 1942, U.S.A., by American Optical Company

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



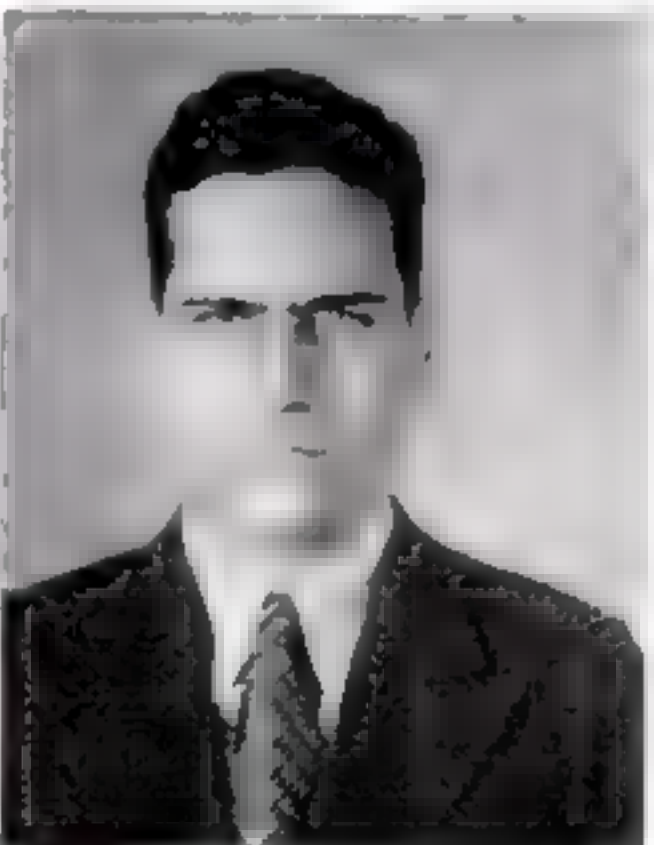
Pure Samoan. It was the ancestors of exactly this Polynesian type who left Tahiti a thousand years ago and sailed halfway across Pacific in tiny open boats to Hawaii.



Half Hawaiian. This parole officer had Japanese and German grandfathers. He is an exceptionally intelligent man, a leading authority on ancient Hawaiian culture.



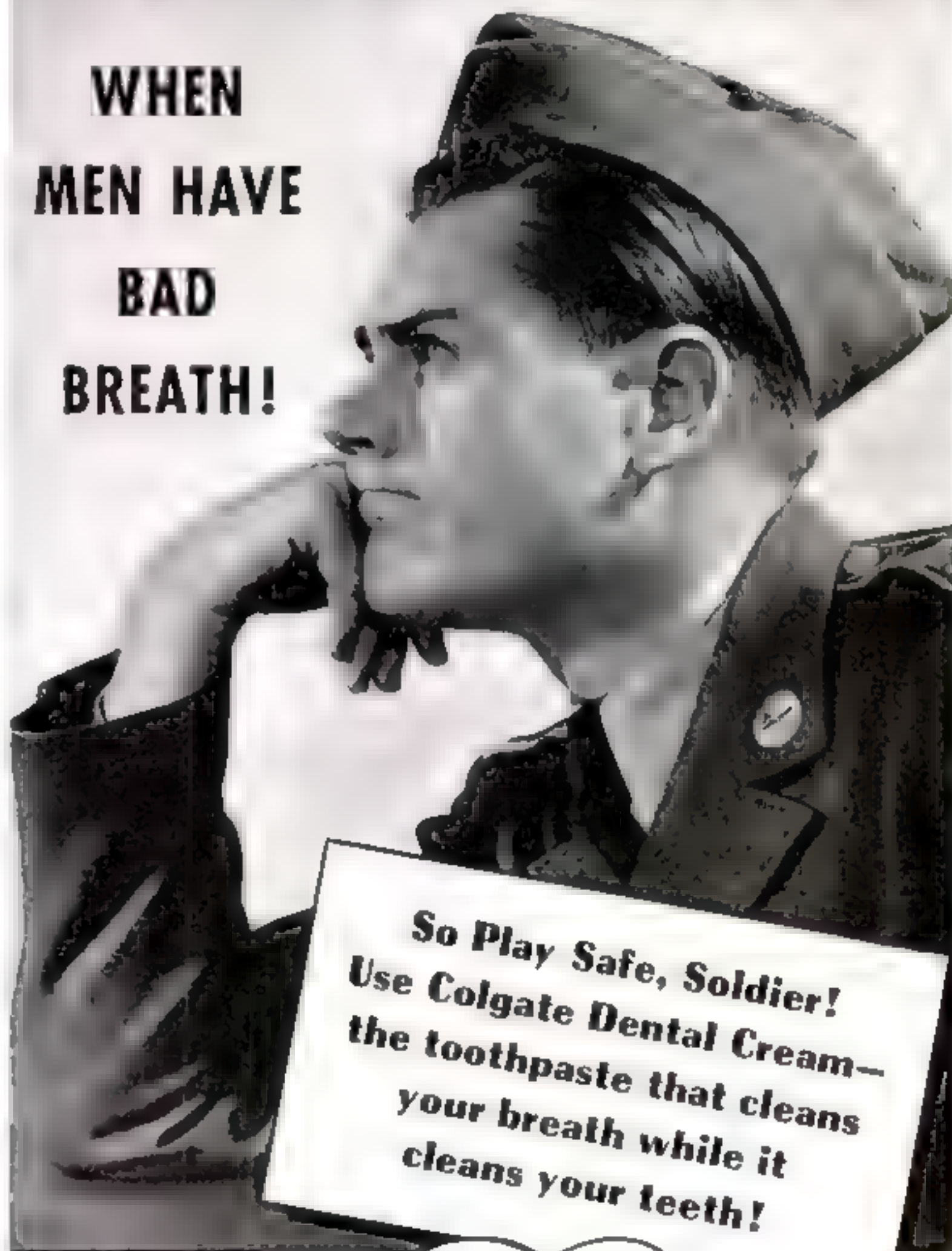
Pure Portuguese. The powerful lines of this face and many others like it have become increasingly noticeable in the islands as their owners mingle with other races.



Half-Korean. This boy's Oriental father did not succeed in giving him his features. Instead, the son has the high, prominent nose and the firm chin of his Spanish mother.

Women Are Fickle

WHEN
MEN HAVE
BAD
BREATH!



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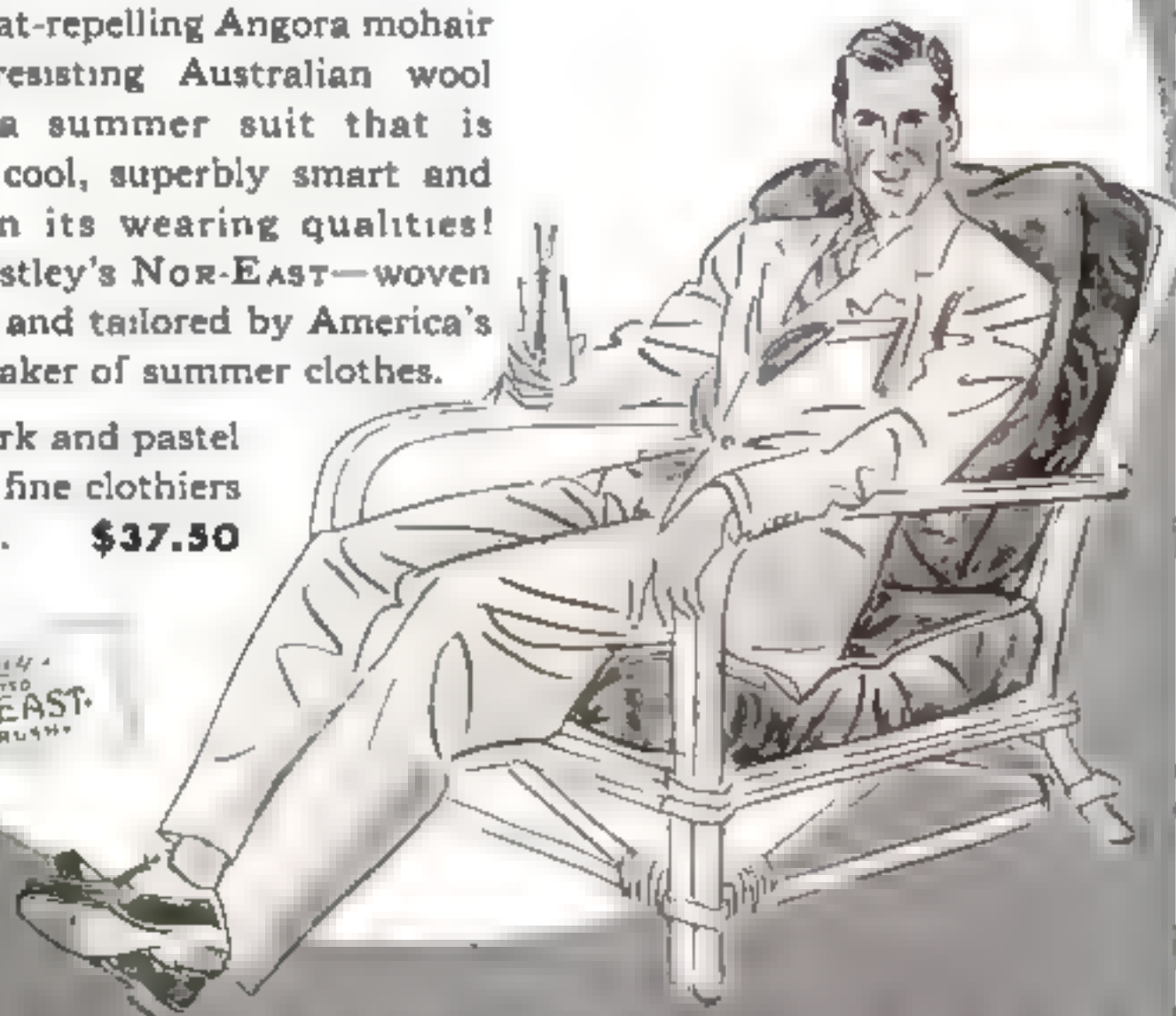
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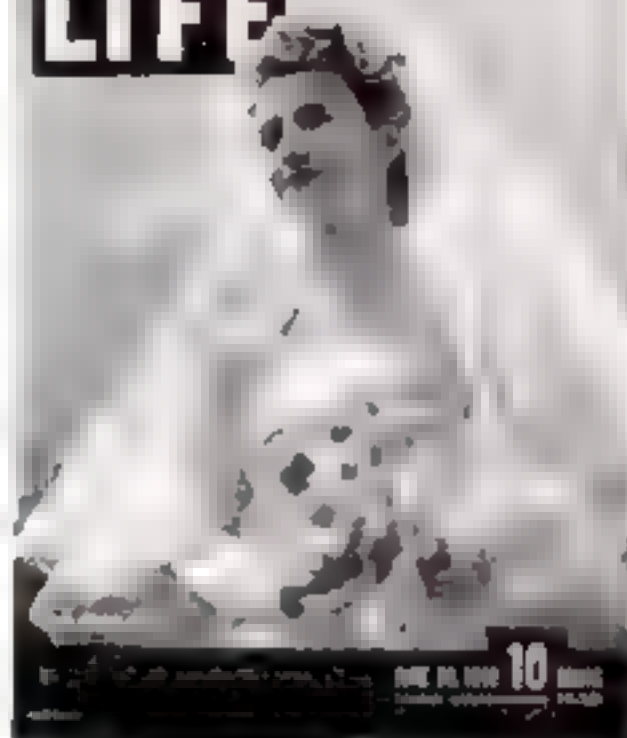


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LIFE'S COVER

LIFE



Ellen Allardice is only 19 but
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three times—on a cover. In real
life she isn't even engaged. The
bridal bouquet she carries is
made of 10¢-to-5¢ war stamps
wrapped in cellophane, enough
to buy a \$25 bond. Bouquets
and boutonnieres are made to
be worn until the cellophane
cracks, should then be pasted
in book or exchanged for bonds
and a new boutonniere pur-
chased. Furlough brides were
among the first to adopt the
war-stamp bouquet. For story
of furlough brides and war-
stamp corsages, see pages 37-40.

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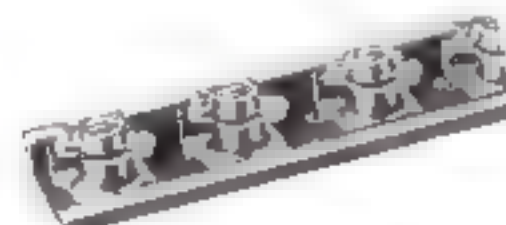
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LIFE'S PICTURES

Greatest difficulty in preparing the story on Logistics was to show the tremendous problems involved in assembling and moving troops across the seas to distant outposts and, at the same time, not give information to the enemy. The ports on pages 73 and 75 are necessarily imaginary. Therefore LIFE Artist B. G. Seelstad was called upon to replace the usual photographer. He says his hardest job was to show the vast extent of the operation and the details of each unit in the same drawing.

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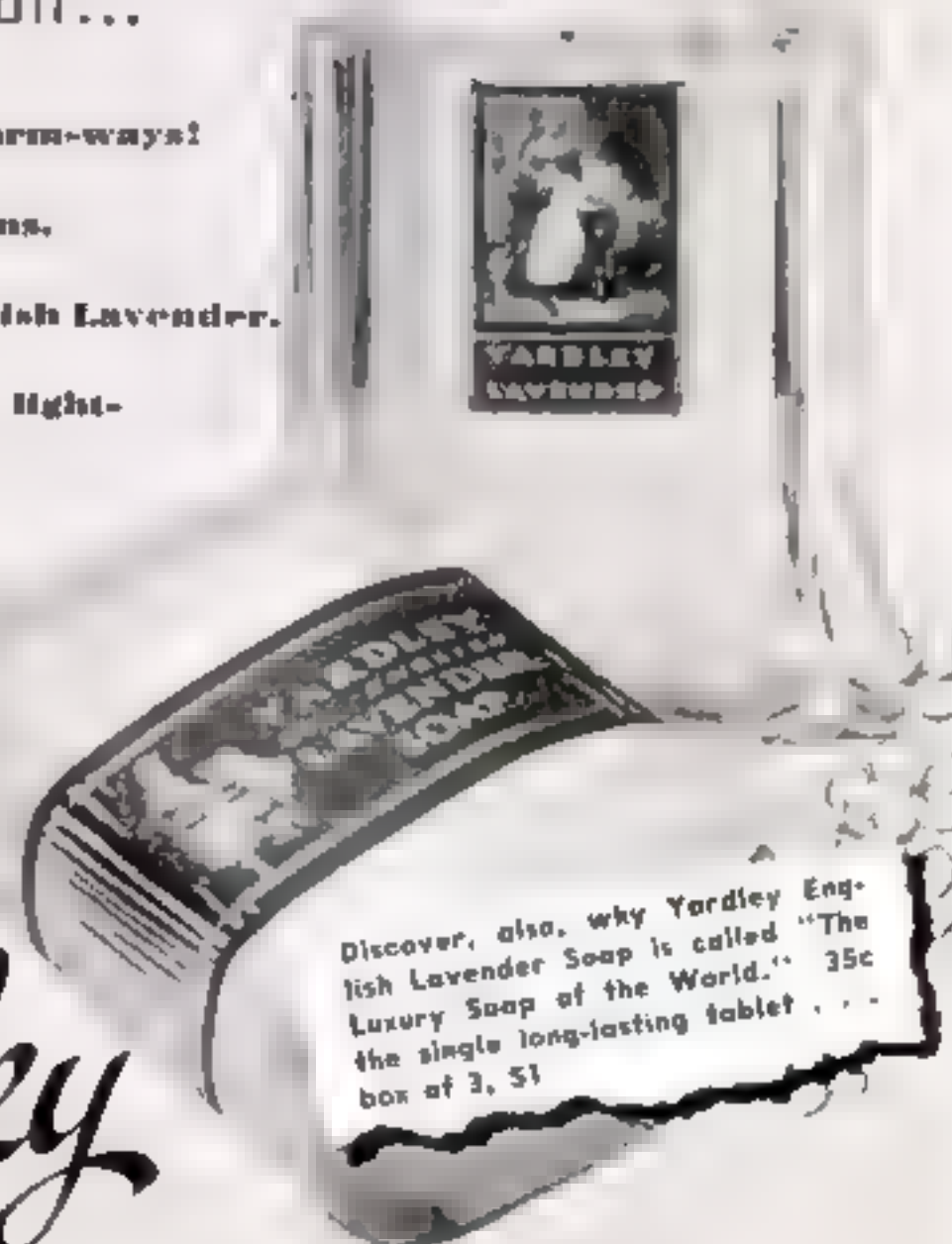
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When "Man Power" goes to War



We're telling a lot of the boys good-by these days. Women and girls are taking over in offices—with a march song on their lips, courage in their hearts, ability in their hands.

No matter who keeps it rolling, we're all operating Mimeograph duplicators more carefully these days. We're making stencils right the first try to save valuable time and the sheet itself. We're cutting down "test" impressions to save paper. We're doing things like those throughout the office—because America is calling for Conservation.

Boy-in-Blue: (*ex-office boy, back to say good-by*) Treat her right while I'm gone, little girl—can't get new ones as easy as we used to.

Girl-in-Office: You fellows in the Navy need duplicators more than we do—so that's all right. Any instructions before you leave, Sailor?

Boy-in-Blue: Type your stencils straight, keep the machine oiled, and don't shoot till—you've planned your work most efficiently.

Girl-in-Office: Aye, aye, sir—and I certainly like that uniform.

Boy-in-Blue: Thanks, sister, and if they assign me to rolling out the work on the ship's Mimeograph—it will make me think of you all.

Girl-in-Office: Well, Sailor, you can trust us girls to do every bit we can while you boys are winning a war.

Boy-in-Blue: Do your best—and we won't worry.

Girl-in-Office: Good luck, Sailor—you sure picked a great branch of the service.

Mimeograph duplicator

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. AND THE FOREIGN COMMISSAR OF SOVIET RUSSIA POSE MAY 26 AT THE PRESIDENT'S DESK BEFORE MAP OF EURASIA. THEY BOTH SPOKE ENGLISH

THREE GREATEST NATIONS SIGN ALLIANCES

A huge, four-motored bomber dropped out of the sky on England in late May and from it stepped Soviet Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav M. Molotov. On May 26 he signed with British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden a hard and fast alliance between Soviet Russia and Great Britain. This was the old-fashioned kind of "power pact." It called for mutual military assistance "against Hitlerite Germany" for 20 years to come. It pledged common action to preserve peace and resist aggression in the post-war period. It further commits both parties against "territorial aggrandizement" and interference in the internal affairs of other states. This kind of pact meant something.

Still in black secrecy, the Russian plane rose and sat down again in Washington at 4:30 p. m. May 29. Molotov spent the night at the White House, talking with the President and the U. S. military and diplomatic chiefs. But the U. S. was not interested in the kind of pact the British had signed. The President gave Molotov a verbal promise to join with Britain in the "urgent tasks" of creating a second front in Europe in 1942. But what Roosevelt offered Russia

was a lease-lend agreement to replace the vague billion-dollar credit deal under which we have been sending war supplies to the U. S. S. R.

Under this, both parties agree to "promote mu-



On arrival, King, Hull, Marshall, Molotov, Litvinov and Pilot Pusep pose beside plane which was four hours early.

tually advantageous economic relations" and to expand production and employment, to exchange goods, to eliminate trade discrimination and to reduce tariffs. Molotov agreed to this, including a promise to give the U. S. military aid in "articles, services, facilities or information." Then he went up to New York, sat in a movie audience without being recognized and flew back to Russia on June 4. On June 11, when he was safe home in Moscow, the news was released.

It was good news. In Moscow the radio interrupted a musical program to tell it. And all night the workers in the factories were jubilant with excitement. The Russians pointed out that another meaning of the Russian word for "urgent" is "inevitable," in the phrase "urgent tasks of creating a second front." They noted that the alliance with Britain applied only to Europe, did not include aid in Asia against Japan.

The shape of many years to come had been set, less by the vague terms of the lease-lend agreement with the U. S. than by the old-fashioned power pact signed between Britain and Russia. For the 20 years of power pacts that had led up to this, turn the page.



LOCARNO, 1925
Western Europe, meaning Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia agreed in perpetuity to maintain peace in Europe. It was heaven on earth but Russia was out of the picture. It was initiated at Locarno, Switzerland, on the birthday of monocled Austen Chamberlain (at head of table), on Oct. 10, 1925.



PARIS, 1932
France and Russia get together in a pact of non-aggression on Nov. 20, 1932. Signing for France is Herriot. This was the first serious move to get the might of Russia behind the small states of Europe and became a mutual assistance treaty three years later. But Great Britain, though an ally of France, did not become Russia's ally.



BERLIN, 1936
The Axis began to form on November 25, 1936, when Nazi Ribbentrop (signing) and Jap Viscount Mushakoji (left) signed the Anti-Comintern pact against Communism. Democracies, themselves anti-Communist, were not sure that this was a power pact against the U.S.S.R. Just a year later Italy joined the Anti-Comintern pact.



MUNICH, 1938
Smashing Axis victory came when (from top) Hitler, Daladier, Mussolini and Neville Chamberlain gave Sudetenland to Germany and Hitler promised no more demands. Hitler broke pact six months later by snatching Czechoslovakia.

POWER PACTS

BRITAIN AND SOVIET RUSSIA CONTRACT AN OLD-FASHIONED MILITARY ALLIANCE

The nations of Europe have tried for centuries to survive by having powerful friends and weak enemies. In an attempt to pick the winning side, they made alliances. Such an alliance is called a power pact—the "power" being supplied by a country's armed forces. The U. S., on the other hand, has never had a peacetime military alliance with any nation. Perhaps it feels too strong to need friends. Power pacts are foreign to its traditions.

The military alliance of May 26, 1942, between Russia and Britain, is a return to this old-fashioned way of doing business. It holds good not only for the war's duration, but also for 20 years of unpredictable future. It is the first alliance of its kind between United Nations since the Axis nations got together. It means that our two most powerful allies have revived traditional diplomacy to win the war and guarantee the peace.

The U. S. is not now in this alliance. It does not at present want to be in it. But the U. S. State Department heartily approves of it as a great step toward winning the war. What it may do for winning or losing the peace is a question that cannot be answered until the peace is nearer. It certainly ends fifth-column talk about the U. S. and Britain fighting Russia for the world after all three have defeated Germany and Japan. It ends the possibility of anybody quitting the war before it is over or of anybody grabbing territory after the war.

On these two pages are shown some of the power pacts that in the past 20 years have made Europe what it is today. They begin in 1925 at Locarno. The Allies had a network of pacts with the little nations of Europe. At length France brought Russia back into the camp of the Allies as a power asset to guarantee Czechoslovakia.

This guarantee was smashed at Munich and Russia drifted into isolation. Hitler began to assemble his own power combine. Finally he isolated Russia with the Nazi-Soviet pact and opened World War II.

Russia had suggested to Great Britain that after the war she be allowed to keep the three Baltic States and some of Finland, Poland and Rumania. The U. S. objected and Russia cheerfully dropped that clause.



Full military alliance of Germany and Italy was signed on May 22, 1939 by Italy's Count Ciano (left) and Ribbentrop (right). Notice generals and admirals, dropping the Axis false face that the Axis was just ideologically against Communism.

MOSCOW, 1939



Stage setting for war was Nazi-Soviet pact of Aug. 23, 1939. Molotov signed as Ribbentrop and Stalin looked on. Now that the Communism issue had split the Axis enemies, Hitler dropped it. Russians knew they would have to fight but wanted a little more time. This practicality disgusted and enraged the whole democratic world.

BERLIN, 1940



Japan enters the Axis on a full military basis on Sept. 27, 1940 for total war against "any State which harbors the intention of mixing in the final phase of the solution" of the Axis New Order. Since Russia was excepted, this meant the U. S. From the left above, Kurusu, Ciano, Hitler, Ribbentrop (standing at the right).

MOSCOW, 1941



Russo-Jap neutrality prepares Japan for war on the U. S. and Great Britain and prepares Russia to fight Germany. Date: April 13, 1941, two months before Russo-German war, eight months before Pearl Harbor. Molotov (at table) and mustached Matsuoka did the signing. This was probably the low ebb in Russia's popularity.



ON THE NORTHERN FLANK OF THE 2,000-MILE BATTLE LINE, RUSSIAN INFANTRY AND TANKS ATTACK ACROSS A BARNYARD TO KEEP OPEN THE SUPPLY ROUTE FOR U. S. MUNITIONS

THE GREAT RUSSIAN ARMY FIGHTS ON TOWARD SECOND SUMMER OF GROWING POWER

The unspoken power that is never mentioned in power pacts is the sort of power being demonstrated on these pages by the Red Army. In the last showdown, the verbiage of the diplomats is backed up by the man at the lower right. Last week the Red Army was still backing up its diplomats. The Germans gloomed: "German troops have to fight for every foot of soil they gain." In the battle around Kharkov, the Russians claimed to have eliminated 90,000 Germans. As the cow-

slips at last bloomed and the nightingale and cuckoo sang in the woods, the Russians were throwing into action new American tanks and planes and long-barreled anti-tank rifles. Around Kharkov, the Guards divisions of Generals Rodimstef and Rogachevsky had frustrated General von Bock. The massed might of the German Army might be about to strike again but the Russians were prepared to fall back fighting into the vast spaces of Russia. They were even talking about victory in 1942.

ON CENTRAL FRONT, THE RUSSIANS CAPTURE YUKHNOV EAST OF SMOLENSK MARCH 5 AND FIND BRIDGE OVER UGRA RIVER DESTROYED. THEY ARE BUILDING PLANK ROAD OVER ICE





FROZEN IN DEATH BESIDE A PICKET FENCE AND A BROKEN LOG CABIN, GERMAN SOLDIERS REST STIFFLY. ONE IN FOREGROUND WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH A BIG SAMOVAR



ON THE SOUTHERN CRIMEAN FRONT, TWO RUSSIAN SCOUTS SNEAK FORWARD ALONG THE LIP OF A BUTTE IN THE SAVAGE FIGHTING AROUND SEVASTOPOL, BESIEGED 225 DAYS

A VICTOR IN THE BATTLE FOR THE FREIGHT TRAIN STANDS WITH TOMMY GUN BESIDE PARTLY-STRIPPED BODIES OF SOME OF THE VANQUISHED GERMANS IN A RAILWAY SIDING



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Fighting a 0-to-0 War up to Now the U. S. Gets Ready To Go Places

The big team that trotted into the Yankee Stadium last November to meet Army was another Notre Dame powerhouse. It was a 3-to-1 favorite. As the rain poured down in buckets the Cadet Corps sat in misty-blue uniforms, more full of fight than of hope. But little by little, the Kaydets were roused to frenzy. Six times Notre Dame carried the ball within the 30-yd. line, but six times the powerhouse was stopped. When the final whistle blew, the Corps rose as a single man, flung caps in the air, jumped and roared. They had won a magnificent victory. The score was 0-0.

Last week from the middle of the Pacific came news of another victory—a victory involving no mere football tradition, but the lives of Americans and the destiny of nations. Several big Japanese forces, complete with capital ships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers and troop transports, struck into U. S. waters. The apparent intention was to blitz Midway, then plunge on to the Hawaiian Islands. But in this attempt the Japs were foiled. While the Marines clung like grim death to Midway, big Army Flying Fortresses together with Navy bombers and torpedo planes demolished key units of the Jap Fleet, created a mid-ocean holocaust in which the enemy lost two dozen ships sunk or damaged, almost all his planes and maybe 10,000 men.

In the U. S. the war commentators rushed to their typewriters and microphones. That it was a real victory, there could be no question. Yet its significance could only be measured in terms of U. S. war intentions. If the paramount U. S. intention is to keep the Japs from crossing our goal line, then Midway was a big victory. But if we are to undertake some of the lofty goals assigned to us by various spokesmen, if we are going to reconquer the Philippines, liberate the East Indies, recapture Burma, strengthen India, save the Chinese, and open up a new, free world in the Far East—if we are out to wipe up the Nips for good and not just tie the score—the Midway victory was no more than a beginning. It rated as a clean first down, under our own goal posts, with about 70 yd. to go.

The 0-To-0 War

There were plenty of signs last week that the U. S. was fighting a 0-to-0 war, tickled pink just to keep the Japs at bay. Throughout the Middle West, especially in Colonel McCormick's Chicago, the Midway victory was hailed with jubilation. Yet the enthusiasm was not confined to isolationist newspaper editors. The Admiral of the Pacific Fleet, feeling good, saw fit to insert a pun in his victory communique. Another Navy

spokesman indulged in some verbal flippancies regarding the Japs in the Aleutian Islands, which proved to be inaccurate. Admiral King, Secretary Knox, even the President could not conceal their elation.

In the midst of the cheering the great Washington juggernaut clumbered and clanked on a bureaucracy-as-usual basis. Like almost everything in the biggest government in history, the urgent rubber problem landed on the President's desk after everyone else had muffed it. At an all-rubber conference Rubber Chief Arthur Newhall failed to produce information that the President needed. Hence the entire rubber plan had to be switched. The President took to the air in an appeal to patriots to deliver to gas stations all the scrap rubber they could find, at 1¢ a pound. But the Rubbercrats gave the President little help. Their instructions to the public failed to set forth even the most elementary rules—as for instance, if you turn in old sneakers, should you cut the tops off or not?

Meanwhile a lot of farmers struggled with a labor shortage. The U. S. Employment Service could not mobilize help soon enough to save all crops. One trouble was that at least eight different Washington agencies had their fingers in farm labor, with no boss. Paul McNutt's manpower commission, which contradicted itself week before last on industrial labor, had not yet acted on the farm front. On another home front OPA Director Leon Henderson was under attack from Congress because his recommendations involve so many sacrifices for constituents. Harold Denny, news correspondent lately returned from Axis countries, warned that the U. S. had as yet no idea of all-out war.

Anywhere Is Nowhere

If our intention is merely to keep the Japs at bay, none of this bungling need be viewed with much alarm. We can safely leave the war to the Army and the Navy, which are proving their worth. But if our aim is larger than that, to make a world in which people can live decently and practice the Four Freedoms, we had better get some clearer ideas about the nature of this war and begin to carry them out from top to bottom.

Much has been written about the importance of airpower in modern fighting. The case for air can scarcely be overstated, as the recent actions in the Coral Sea and at Midway show. Yet to some extent the emphasis on air escapes the main point. We must not suppose that this is merely an air war. It is primarily a war of gigantic specialization. An objective is decided upon, and then a whole army or a corps or a task force, with specialized equipment and training, must be tailor-made to win it. Thus the German Army was first designed for blitz tactics in the Low Countries and France, where roads are plentiful. It was so well specialized that it was irre-

sistible. The Russian Army was designed primarily for defensive action, and thus has stalled the Germans. The Japs, having streamlined their striking power for jungle warfare, could not be stopped by unspecialized forces. In fact the British in Burma were overmechanized. They had to stick to the roads while Jap foot soldiers, equipped merely with rifles and trench mortars, climbed the jungle-covered hills, infiltrated along the ridges, disrupted the British rear.

Thus the first requisite of modern warfare is an exact definition of the objective. You don't sit in a trench and hop off as many of the enemy as you can. You build a military striking force—land, water, and air—for the precise purpose of getting to a predetermined place, and you throw everything you've got, including creature comforts, into your effort. The article on logistics this week (page 65) reveals how complicated such an effort is even for the technicians. Modern war means that somebody must want like hell to get somewhere. *Anywhere* is just *nowhere*. And the big question Americans had to ask last week was WHO in the U. S. wants to get WHERE badly enough to get there?

Purposeful Battlefields

This problem of war objectives, posed by the Midway action, was thrown into bold relief last week by the discovery that Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov had flown from Moscow to London to Washington and home again without a peep from the loyal press. Out of this trip Britain got a 20-year military assistance treaty, and the U. S. got a photograph of Mr. Molotov sitting with Mr. Roosevelt. But that photograph symbolized a diplomatic success for the President. Russia has wanted an agreement to deliver over to her, after the war, the Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Possibly she will get them anyway. But in the British treaty they are not promised and the principles of the Atlantic Charter are maintained.

Out of the Molotov visit there arose the hope that the 0-to-0 war would be abandoned and that the U. S. would now undertake an active, all-out blitz against a definite objective for a definite purpose. Such a blitz should be no mere gesture, to satisfy our vanity or the political situation. Its objective should be neither glamor nor a vague feeling that we ought to help the Russians, but rather the actual solution of at least one of the many international problems with which we are faced—Norway, Holland, Belgium, France—Libya, India, Burma, China, the Philippines. It is time for Americans to stop fighting *against* and to begin fighting *for*—fighting intelligently, step by step, up the long road of world reconstruction and freedom. A peace program must now shape the war program, not merely in baccalaureate addresses, but on daring and purposeful battlefields.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

For some time now London mothers, hearing only friendly planes, have been venturing to retrieve their children from evacuation homes. Recently

Mrs. Randolph Churchill appeared in town with Son Winston II. As Londoners noted the set of his chin, some recalled his grandfather's vow that he

was more concerned with winning the war than remaking the world afterward. Some wondered what Winston II would have to say about that world.

Winston Churchill II, grandson of Britain's Prime Minister, returns to bomb-free London for a visit with his mother



CORAL SEA



SMOKE SPEWS FROM THE ISLAND AND HANGAR DECK OF THE CARRIER U. S. S. "LEXINGTON" AS ORDER TO "ABANDON SHIP" IS GIVEN. DESTROYER HAS SWUNG ALONGSIDE TO HELP IN



Entire carrier is engulfed in flames with exception of after portion of the flight deck but Captain Sherman has still not left his ship. Destroyer, whose bow appears at left, is picking up survivors.

U.S.S. "LEXINGTON," PRIDE OF U.S. FLEET,

She was a Great Lady, even though made of steel and wood and wire. Somebody once called her "a whole Navy complete in herself" and for close to 20 years she was the cocky pride of the U. S. Fleet. Her crew liked to tell how big she was (33,000 tons) and how fast she could go (33 knots) and how in 1929, when the power plant of Tacoma, Wash. went dry, she lit the entire city with her dynamos.

When war came, she did her job well. Among the sailors of the Pacific fleet, she was known as a "fighting ship." Once the Japs claimed to have sunk her but she lived to deny their lie again and again with bombs and torpedoes and gun fire. She took the lead in the new kind of sea warfare which was making the carrier the heart of the battleline, and wherever the fighting was most bitter, there she was.

On April 17 the U. S. S. *Lexington* left Pearl Harbor for the last time. For two weeks she steamed south, her tough little Douglas bombers searching 200 miles for signs of Japs. On May 4, in the opening phase of the Battle of the Coral Sea, she launched her planes into a tropical sky, sent them scurrying off to sink and burn 14 Jap ships in the harbor of Tulagi. Three days later her planes located and sank a Jap carrier north of the Isle of Misima. Back to her came a cryptic message from one of her pilots, "Scratch one flat top—Scratch one flat top!"

Next day was torridly hot. Her planes took off before dawn, their target this time being a big Jap task force of carriers, cruisers and destroyers. While they



TRYING TO PUT OUT FIRES AND TO REMOVE THE BADLY WOUNDED, OTHER SAILORS SWING DOWN HAWSERS INTO WATER, JUMP OVER SIDES OR CLIMB IN RAFTS AND RUBBER BOATS

SINKS TO A HERO'S GRAVE IN PACIFIC

were away, Jap planes counterattacked. To avoid torpedoes and bombs, Captain Sherman, her skipper, swung her hard to port, hard to starboard, then hard to port again. Suddenly, however, two fierce torpedoes gutted her sides, opening mammoth holes. Bombs dropped on her flight deck and in the water alongside.

By skillful handling, her crew succeeded in putting the fires out and taking aboard her aircraft which all day had been punishing the big Jap fleet. But the Old Lady was sorely wounded and suddenly, hours later, as she steamed away at 20 knots, a terrific internal explosion rocked her fore and aft. For five hours her loyal crew fought to save her. Destroyers pounded alongside to assist. But it was no use. She was beaten at last and as the tongues of fire crept up over her island structure and over the planes anchored on deck, she knew it.

Finally Captain Sherman ordered "Abandon ship." Sailors slid down into the sea (*above*). Others crawled in rafts and rubber boats. Last man to go overboard was the captain himself. Sometime afterward a final breathtaking explosion burst from her warhead locker. Then, after American torpedoes had been driven into her to prevent further loss of life, she sank. Said one of her officers, "She never wavered, she kept her head up and went down like the Lady she always was."

The U. S. S. *Lexington* was no more. Pilots spoke of her as they did of their buddies who disappeared in the battle: "She was smoked up in the Coral Sea."



Everybody had left the "Lexington" by the time this picture was taken. Explosion which caused fatal fire came from ignition of gasoline vapors resulting from leaks in below-deck gasoline lines.

MIDWAY



AMERICAN VICTORY OVER JAP FLEET IS PORTRAYED BY GEDDES SHIP MODELS

In the great battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, the opposing Jap and American fleets never saw each other. All damage was done by airplanes, and the only guns fired by any ship were anti-aircraft guns. Thus in one brief month of flaming sea warfare, the traditional kind of Navy fighting, in which one battle line opposed another battle line, was buried forever. Emerging as an all-conquering weapon was the airplane.

Actually the two battles were part of the same Japanese offensive strategy. After the Coral Sea, Jap ships

withdrew northward and disappeared beyond range of American air reconnaissance. But when, a month later, a tremendously augmented Jap fleet began to move on Midway, American forces were ready. Not even a diversional attack on Dutch Harbor fooled the Army and Navy. Far out at sea patrol planes picked up the Japs.

This picture, staged by Norman Bel Geddes' ship models, shows the exact moment when Navy bombers and torpedo planes, operating from U.S. carriers, along with heavy Army bombers operating out of Midway,



first hit the Jap fleet. There are no American ships here. The Japs are divided into four different task forces, the port force, in foreground, being the biggest. It is comprised of three carriers, one of the *Ikagi* class, one of the *Soryu* class, and one smaller carrier accompanied by four new heavy cruisers and eight destroyers. The starboard task force at left consists of two carriers, four cruisers and eight destroyers. In the rear are two more forces, the middle one consisting of battleships and destroyers and the rear one of transports, two old cruisers,

and destroyers. Actually, of course, the ships were much farther apart than shown here, but Geddes has employed artistic license to get them in one frame.

The American planes have just started bombing operations on the starboard task force. The ships are circling and swinging in a vain effort to dodge bombs. One carrier has almost stuck its nose into a direct hit. Soon it, as well as some of its cruisers, will be shattered and sunk. Then will come the turn of the port task force, and of the battleships and transports. By battle's

end the Jap fleet will be in full retreat, at least 18 of its ships, including five carriers, sunk or badly damaged.

It was a great American naval victory. Some naval observers went so far as to say that "Japan's offensive power had been crippled." Others, more conservative and probably more correct, cautiously warned that Japan could afford carrier losses better than the U. S., that Japan was still on the offensive, that the Aleutian Islands were in danger. A blow had been struck for our side but there were many more rounds still to be fought.



DESPITE GAS RATIONING, TIRES, TAXES, TOTAL WAR PEOPLE STILL PLAY PONIES

Last week as some Americans were gambling their lives to smash the Japs at Midway, other Americans were busy gambling millions of dollars at racetracks. While official Washington fretted about new taxes and rationing, New York's Belmont Park wound up its most successful meeting in a blaze of greenback glory. In 24 racing days (May 11-June 6) 436,006 cash customers had flung \$27,773,207 into the mutuel machines in carefree defiance of the laws of chance and total war. On May 30, the peak day, 51,003 racegoers braved a heat wave, packed special trains, heavy highway traffic and long betting queues to wager \$385,042 on a single race, \$2,176,071 on all eight races—fabulous all-time highs.

While other major sports have felt the pinch of a war economy, U. S. racing has boomed despite the quick close-down of West Coast tracks after Pearl Harbor by military authorities. Belmont's average daily betting shattered new highs set during the previous month at nearby Jamaica. Tracks around Chicago and also Washington are enjoying their lushest year since the easy-money days of 1928.

Near Camden, N. J., Garden State Park, a new two-million-dollar track plans to open on July 18. Into this ill-timed project vast quantities of irreplaceable materials have been poured, including steel from New York's junked Sixth Avenue "El," 10,000 ft. of cast iron pipe, plumbing and electrical equipment and lumber. To build this new track a large skilled labor force had to be weaned away from war industries by premium wages. While the WPB made three searches for priorities violations at Garden State Park, local citizens formed a militant "Association Opposed to the Race Track in Camden County." On May 23 the WPB banned further track building after June 6. To beat this deadline, the construction gang was increased from 400 to 700 men who worked seven days a week. Spurred on by Rev. Carl McIntire, who inveighed, exhorted and prayed for rain over the radio without a drop of success, the citizens' association still clings to a slim hope of stopping the Garden State meet by court injunction.

While they have gas, rubber, money and time to burn, some U. S. citizens still fail to recognize that conserving to win the war is a better bet than a horse named Punchdrunk in the 8th at Delaware Park Racetrack.

Whirlaway, 4-year-old son of Blenheim II, raised his lifetime earnings to \$377,811 by placing second to Market Wise on

May 30, Belmont's record day. Only Seabiscuit, now retired, has won more money than Warren Wright's big red champion.



Huge parking lots at Belmont were completely filled with private automobiles on May 30 and June 6 despite gas rationing.



Mutuel windows were jammed with bettors even during running of the races. A record \$2,176,071 was bet Memorial Day.

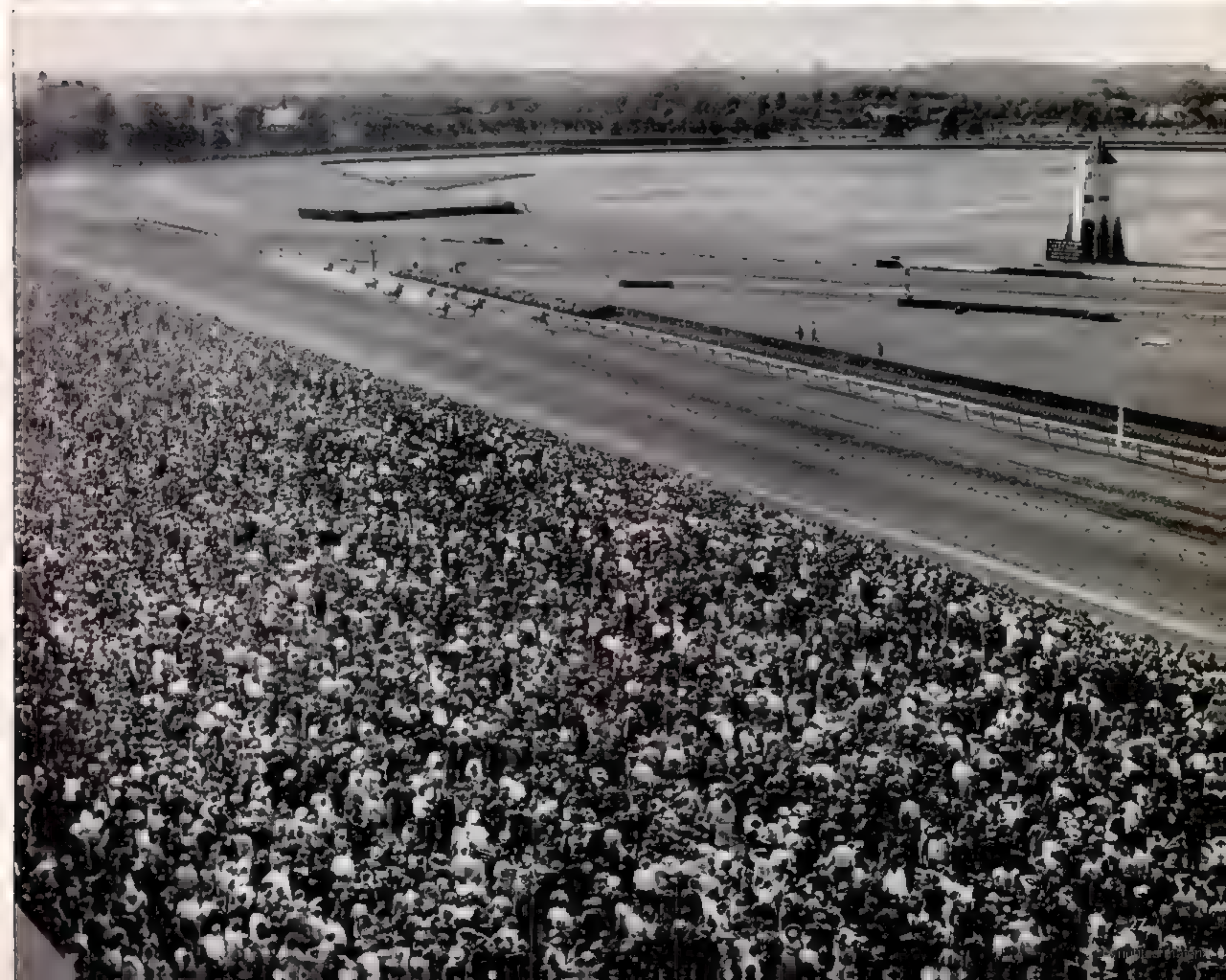


Money counter reads about \$150,000 in various denominations for pay-offs, change. Crowd bet \$385,042 on main race.



Garden State Park, new highline racetrack recently rushed to completion on 300 acres near Camden, N. J., plans to open next month. Despite three WJTB investigations and protests from outraged citizens, the promoters used vast quantities of much-needed steel, cast iron and lumber.

Belmont's overflow crowd watches Market Wise lead field in 36th running of the \$30,000 Suburban Handicap on May 10. Wheelaway, *see p. 10, inside page*, the winner here, which Free Of record gathered of 51,000 to the park, challenged in the stretch but failed to catch Market Wise.



NEWSREEL SHOTS PICTURE SPEEDY BRITISH OCCUPATION OF VICHY'S MADAGASCAR

On May 5 a British amphibious force, chaperoned by two cruisers and an aircraft carrier, stood off the raggy northern peninsula of Vichy's Madagascar, fourth largest island in the world. The main objective was Diego Suarez, a first-rate naval base commanding the United Nations' sea lanes to India. In enemy hands, Diego Suarez could become a Scylla

complementing the Charybdis of Jap task forces in the Indian Ocean. Britain was prepared to gambly high for Diego Suarez.

While carrier-based planes bombed hangars, runways and coastal installations, British landing parties slashed their way upon the big base from north and west. Forty-eight hours later its garrison capit-

ulated and the Union Jack rose over Diego Suarez. From Vichy's Laval came squalls of protest which were quickly squelched by thunderous U.S. enforcement of the adventure. Madagascar's population of 7,800,000, if developed, was 98% anti-Vichy. Oct. 15, page 50—see Patton newsreel shots of the occupation and, bottom right, the formalities of surrender.



Pointing at Madagascar's northern tip, British amphibious force, viewed a frontal attack on Diego Suarez, target in behind fortifications. Carrier planes blasted the way.



First-class naval base at Diego Suarez gives British C-47s, deck back, biggest between Madagascar and South America. First in reserve sent to German merchant ship.



Jubilant British troops swing merrily down the streets of Diego Suarez, population 12,000. Key to the Indian Ocean, Diego Suarez's Madagascar's No. 1 military prize.



Vichy's forces march away after capitulation. The Madagascar garrison consisted of not more than 1,000 regulars. Their equipment's sent to road repair, hospital.



Tired troops drop off to sleep as last gunfire of battle subsides. British suffered 1,000 casualties in the 48-hour onslaught. Guerrilla fighting went on for few days afterward.

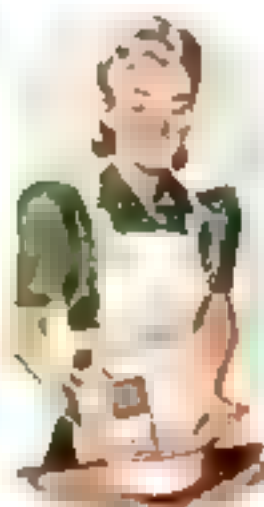


The terms of surrender are signed by Vichy's Governor Admiral Anet under a portrait of Petain. Anet had rigorously suppressed free French elements on Madagascar.

THIS SUMMER...MORE THAN EVER...

Soup Makes the Meal!

ONE HOT DISH for summer meals is the rule. And soup as your one hot dish is delicious, and satisfying, and easy to serve. Good nourishment counts more than ever now, so busy mothers often turn to Campbell's Soups. Any of these three will do wonders for your summer meals.



"Let's have quick, easy meals"

says Mother

Build them round a soup that's thick, hearty, and satisfying, like Campbell's Scotch Broth. This robust Scottish dish has a rich stock with tender pieces of meat, and nourishing vegetables, and barley. A soup to try soon!

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH



"Swell food at our house!"

says the family

Here is an excitingly different chicken soup that they praise — Campbell's Chicken Gumbo. It's borrowed from the kitchens of old New Orleans. Campbell's make its chicken stock rich, add okra, rice, pieces of chicken and savory seasonings.

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP



"Eat simple nourishing foods"

says Uncle Sam

CREAM OF TOMATO extra-delicious, and extra-nutritious. Easy to make by adding milk instead of water — to Campbell's Tomato Soup. Either way, the family like the wonderful flavor that comes from those luscious sun-ripened Campbell tomatoes.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP





Honest-to-Swan!

Honest-to-Swan, folks, wish no more
For baby-gentle suds galore!
Here's Swan—with scads of pure, mild suds
For baby, dishes, folks 'n duds!



Two Convenient Sizes
—Large and Regular



Honest-to-Swan, if you are a baby
You'll have the sense, I hope,
To bathe with nothing else but Swan.
You can't buy a purer soap!

IN FACT, Swan is mild as finest imported castles. Has that new floating soap got baby appeal? Ask ANY baby! Has that new Swan got suds appeal? Try it!



Honest-to-Swan this soap suds fast,
Suds that save because they last.
Also, Swan's as mild as May—
Grand for hands, the gals all say.

IN FACT, Swan's a sudsin' whiz—even in hard water! Suds last longer, too—do more dishes than old-style floating soaps. Swan your undies, too, be good to fabrics!



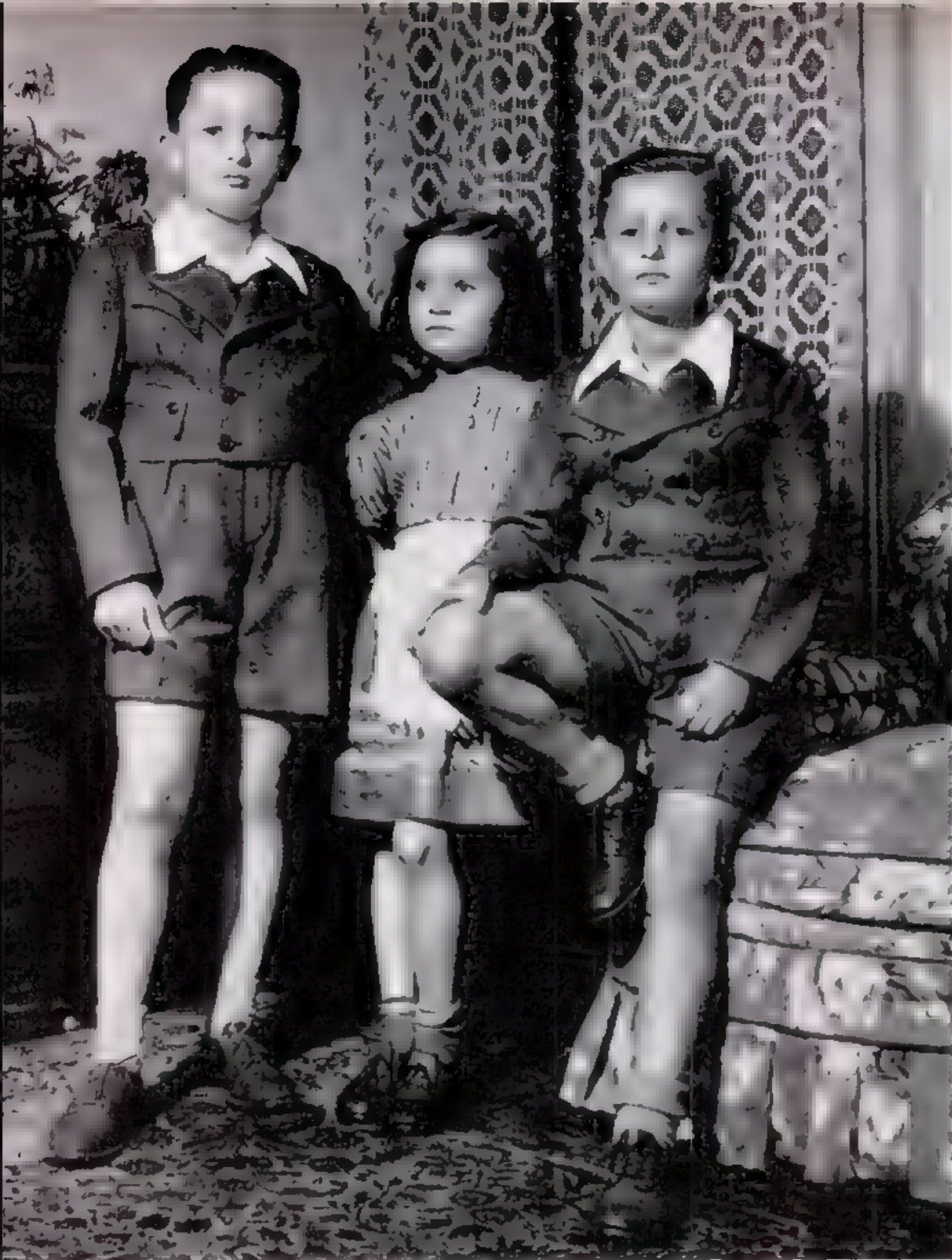
Honest-to-Swan
Each twin bar breaks
Into smooth, handsome,
Thrifty cakes

IN FACT, no need for costly toilet soaps or easy-to-waste package soaps now. Be thrifty—use baby-gentle Swan for everything!

SWAN
*The baby-gentle
floating soap that's
a sudsin' whiz!*



**TUNE IN! GRACIE ALLEN
GEORGE BURNS • PAUL WHITEMAN**
See your local paper for time and station.
MADE BY LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Egan, Ingelore and Kurt Puthe, aged 12, 7 and 10 respectively, pose in New York home of their American parents. The boys are wearing the best of their German away suits. Egan and

Kurt receive milk and sandwiches from Red Cross at pier after their arrival on the *Drottningholm*. Children left Germany May 4, traveled alone through ghost city, then to U.S.



A BOY COMES HOME

Parents get back a startling product of Hitler's education

Along with its cargo of diplomats, newspapermen and stray civilians, the liner *Drottningholm* brought back from Europe on June 1, three unexpected young passengers. They were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Puthe of New York: Egan, 12, Kurt, 10, and Ingelore, 7. To their parents the return of their three American-born children from school in Germany was a complete surprise. An even greater surprise was the effect that four years in Hitler's Reich had had upon their elder son, Egan.

The following account was written by a LIFE reporter who interviewed the Puthe children upon their arrival. It shows, perhaps better than any formal book on German education could, what Nazi training does to a boy.

Two days after the *Drottningholm* docked I went to see the Puthe family at their three-room apartment in Yorkville, the German section of Manhattan. Egan, the older boy, was out but Kurt and his sister Ingelore were playing in the living room with a new rubber ball. After introductions were made we talked a few minutes about how fortunate it was that the children were well and how wonderful the Red Cross had been in arranging their return.

I asked the children what sort of trip they had had. Kurt replied that they had had a cabin all to themselves and a special table in the dining room, that the captain had been very nice, that they got all they wanted to eat, that they had been a little seasick but on the whole had had a fine trip.

Up to this point the interview went smoothly enough, although it had to be conducted in German since all three Puthe children had quite forgotten their English. Some of the questions, however, were a little hard for Kurt and Ingelore to answer. "Wait till my big boy Egan gets back," advised Mrs. Puthe. "He is very smart and he'll be able to tell you everything."

A few minutes later the doorbell rang, announcing that Egan was back. He came in, a good-looking, blond, blue-eyed boy of 12. Mr. Puthe introduced us and added that I would like some information "for the newspaper." Egan froze. The blood rushed to his face, his mouth curled up in a thoroughly adult sneer and he began shouting bad German out of which all I could get was "*verdammte Zeitung!*" (damn newspapers).

"Why should I talk to the newspapers?" he finally said, calming down a little. "There were lots of important people on the boat. Why doesn't she talk to them? Why come to see us? We're only little peanuts."

Mr. and Mrs. Puthe urged Egan to "tell the young lady what you told us last night." But no matter what I asked, he said the same thing: "We were well fed. I do not want to talk about the war." When his parents pressed him he would shout, get red and run into the bedroom.

Mrs. Puthe was obviously distressed. "I sent nice children over there," she said. "If you don't believe me ask St. Ann's Academy where Egan went to school when he lived in America. They'll tell you what a nice boy he was. And now look what Hitler sends me back!"

I asked the Puthes a few questions about themselves. They had come to the U. S. in 1923 from Germany and had lived in Yorkville ever since.

"SHHH! Mom's on the Warpath!"



Why ruin the evening, Mother?

Housework on hot days is bound to leave you tired and cross. To make evenings with your family the Best Part of the Day, try this pleasant treatment for "nerves." Every afternoon, get into the tub with a cake of New Ivory Soap.



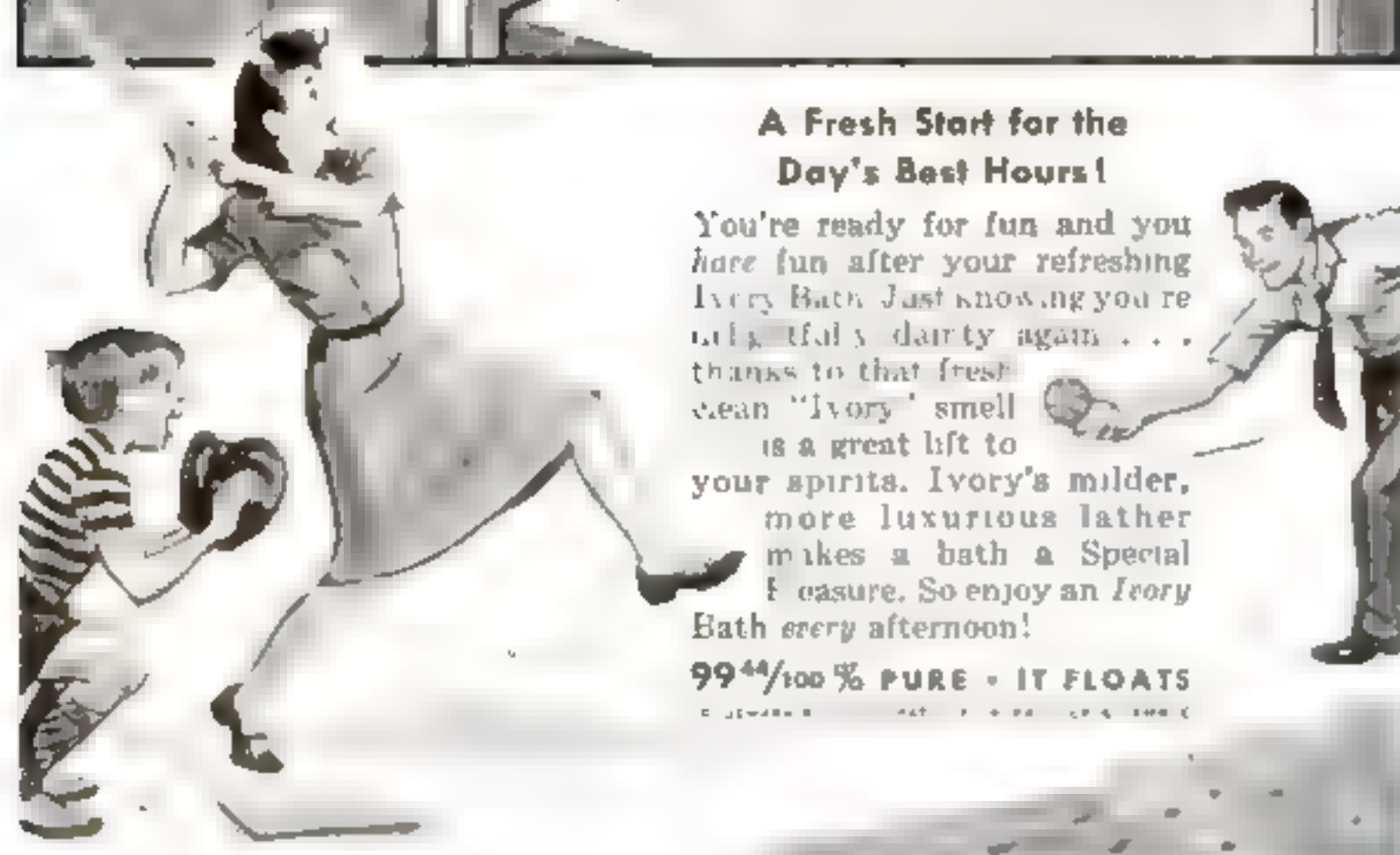
Soak your grouch away in an IVORY BATH

Let Ivory's lovely lather, smoothed on all over, waft away that hot, sticky feeling. Ivory's creamy mildness is like a cooling caress to your skin. Just relax while that big white floating cake lathers for you far better than any other leading bath soap. You'll step out feeling lovelier... like a new woman!

A Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours!

You're ready for fun and you have fun after your refreshing Ivory Bath. Just knowing you're really clean and dainty again... thanks to that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell... is a great lift to your spirits. Ivory's milder, more luxurious lather makes a bath a Special Treat. So enjoy an Ivory Bath every afternoon!

99 44/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS



**For a FRESH START...
take an IVORY BATH**



Kurt sews a button on his father's shirt while "Inge" knits and Egan darns. An expert mender, Egan found photographer's flashbulb more satisfactory than the darning egg.

HITLER'S EDUCATION (continued)

never more than five blocks from their present home. Both of them are naturalized citizens and Mr. Puthe is now an air-raid warden for his district. In 1938 they had sent their children back to Bavaria to visit their grandmother. Two years later the grandmother died and the boys were sent to boarding school in Karlstadt-am-Main while Ingelore stayed in Wurtzburg. Meanwhile the war had started and the Puthes had almost given up hope of seeing their children until it ended. Then, out of a clear sky, they got a cablegram that the children were aboard the *Drottningholm* and would land in three days.

Kurt and Ingelore were no great surprise but the Puthes did not know what to make of Egan. The first night home, when he was told to do something, he stormed: "Only Hitler gives orders. Nobody else." He had some respect for his father but ignored anything his mother asked him to do, indicating by his manner that he regarded women as unimportant.

Yet, while he would not take orders, Egan volunteered to perform chores which boys brought up in America would scorn. At school both boys had been taught to take care of their clothes. They said: "Give us all the shoes, mama. We will shine them. And we will mend Papa's socks and shirts." I saw one of the socks Egan had mended, putting in a whole new heel, and it would do credit to any convent graduate.

Egan also had a remarkable sense of responsibility toward the younger children. During the five-day trip by train from Bavaria to Lisbon and during the ocean voyage, he had looked after Kurt and Ingelore with a cool intelligence well beyond his years.

Egan's Nazi Ideas

His parents could see that Egan at heart was still the good boy they had sent to Germany, conscientious and helpful. The only trouble seemed to be the ideas he had picked up from his Nazi teachers. Mrs. Puthe was particularly disturbed by Egan's views on the propagation of the master race. In answering Ingelore's questions about babies, she had mentioned that when Ingelore grew up she would marry and have babies herself if she prayed for them. Egan scoffed, "You don't have to get married to have babies."

Egan was full of misconceptions about America. He had heard in Germany that all the people of German descent in America had to wear the swastika on their backs, and that when they tried to buy food they were refused.

Behind his brazen front, Egan's parents perceived that he was terrified. Mrs. Puthe said that the first night home he had screamed in his sleep and that in the morning his nightshirt was wringing wet from perspiration.

Finally Egan came back from the bedroom. "All right," he said,



Egan wants to be a movie star, combs his hair frequently, to Kurt's amusement. On dresser is a picture of the grandmother they went to visit in Germany before the war.

"but if I talk the police will come and take us all away. You'll see." That was why he was afraid of the *verdammte Zeitungen*. He was sure that if he said anything "the police" would take away himself, his family in America and also his friends in Germany. It was hard to tell when he was talking about the American police and when about the Gestapo. It was simply "the police" that came to arrest anyone who talked out of turn, along with his relatives and friends.

We talked and laughed for a while with the other children, Kurt and Egan making great fun of my pronunciation—*hochdeutsch*, as Egan jeered. In a little while Egan began telling us about the school at which he and Kurt lived in Karlstadt. The pupils averaged two beatings a day. One of his comrades was hit so hard he got a concussion, while another became an imbecile. One day, on the way back from church, Kurt threw a snowball. For that, he got 12 lashes on the hand.

"We ate pretty well," Egan maintained stoutly. "We had meat."

"But such a little piece, Egan," put in Kurt, who was shooting arrows around the apartment with his new bow. Two ounces of meat per week was the ration, Egan admitted.

Asked about bombings in Germany, Egan shrugged. "*Nichts*," he said. "No damage."

"But in the Rhineland, Egan," corrected Kurt. Egan acknowledged, with another shrug, that bombs had done damage in the Rhineland.

"What did you do when there were raids?"

"When there was a raid the teacher blew a whistle and we walked down to the cellar. We didn't hurry either."

"Did you have ice cream?" his mother asked.

"What do you think?"

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"A movie star. They make the most money." All three children were fascinated by money, preferring it to candy or any other gift.

"What were your favorite subjects in school?" I asked.

"Music, singing, drawing," said Egan thoughtfully. "And exercise—and shooting."

At this point Egan went into the bedroom and could be seen combing his hair before the mirror. "He does that all the time," Mrs. Puthé said. "That and brushing his teeth." Proceedings were interrupted by the colored maid who suggested that Kurt had better be yanked out of the bathroom, where he was experimenting with his father's razor.

When Egan returned I asked him one question too many: was he a member of the *Jugendverstein*? He was, but this was what he would not talk about and he began shouting: "I know a lot of things. I know about the war and I know the real story of Rudolf Hess because my teacher was his friend. But I won't tell you." It was startling to see how much he acted and sounded like a ranting Nazi leader. Finally Egan ran out and I said goodbye to the Puthés.

When I returned five days later with a photographer, I was prepared to find the same Egan I had left. Instead he met us with a smile

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"A COOLER
EQUIPPED
WITH A GRIN"

I'm a super-colossal TOM COLLINS!
Neither too light nor too weighty...
The perfect "ice-breaker" fresh out
of the shaker.
When the mercury soars above eighty.

I'm a super-colossal TOM COLLINS...
A cooler equipped with a grin!
When it's too hot to think (but not
too hot to drink!)
That's when I always move in.

I'm a super-colossal TOM COLLINS
And the reason is very specific—
For it's when they stir in that fine
Gilbey's Gin
That I get so really "terrific"!

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH
GILBEY'S
The International
GIN



THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES
AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. C. — 90 Proof Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.



Jockey Shorts

carry through a busy day and feel less tired.

Want a Lift?

The Jockey dog is supporting his master. But, then, Jockey underwear itself introduced the idea of support in 1934—and, today, millions of active men who have experienced the comfort of Jockey support will wear no other kind of underwear. They tell us that Jockey helps them

The whole secret of Jockey comfort is the patented "Y-front construction. You'll like the mild, masculine support provided from the belt—the angled opening that will not gap—the freedom from bulk, bind and creep which puts an end to squirming. For Jockey gives you "second skin" fit with "birthday suit" freedom of movement. You'll like buttonless Jockey's knitted fabric, too. It's cool, gives your skin a chance to breathe, is easy to launder, and needs no ironing.

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction. Look too in leading merchants' windows for the amusing dog statues, one of which is shown above.



Midway



Beltin'



Over-Knee



Long

—The Source of Support



Coopers INC
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont., in Australia by MacRae
Knitting Mills, Sydney, in British Isles by Lylo & Scott, Ideal House, London.
In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rodkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



The Pulte family have an unexpected reunion after four years' separation. Mrs. Pulte immediately bought the boys some good American clothes and gave Inge a permanent.

HITLER'S EDUCATION (continued)

and seemed eager to talk about the things which had put him in a frenzy on the first visit. It was amazing how his first week in America had changed him.

Egan launched into a description of Germany, telling us of the wonderful roads which covered the Reich and how he had worked in the fields with other boys from the school. He boasted that in all Germany there was not a piece of land "the size of this table" which was not under cultivation. He told us with pride that he had seen Hitler twice in parades but his own hero was Goring, whom he considered a great flier.

He laughed with his parents about Ingelore's visit to the hairdresser where she had a permanent. Kurt, who has the same feeling of responsibility toward Ingelore that Egan has toward both younger children, had insisted on accompanying his sister to the hairdresser's. When Ingelore, sitting under the drier, had started humming the German war song *Wir Fahren Gegen England* ("We March Against England"), Kurt had cried out in alarm "Nicht hier, Inge!"

It was clear that Egan had lost his dread of "the police." He had discovered the ten-cent store and came home loaded with a toy gun, airplane, steamboat and balls. Having found that German-Americans could buy all the food they wanted, he was eager to do the shopping, taking a list from his mother since he could not speak English. His father, pleased by Egan's rapid adjustment to American life, was already laying plans to put him in a school where he can relearn English.

"Would you like to be a soldier in the American army?" I asked Egan.

"I will not be old enough for that before the war is over," he said.

Asked who would win the war, Egan replied first "Germany" but immediately corrected himself and said, "No, America and England together. They will march through France and through Italy and then into Germany."



Holding his new football, Egan gives younger brother Kurt pointers on how to shoot a bow and arrow. Shooting was one of Egan's favorite subjects in Karlstadt Volksschule.



Our Better Trucks are the answer to your needs —



—the GMCs are out in front

General Motors Trucks and Coaches are pulling the most important loads in their history. Where our fighting forces depend on power, speed and flexibility—you'll find more GMCs than any other make of heavy military truck. GMC factories have more than doubled their output, to keep our Army out in front in motorized transportation. Along our

nation-wide war-production lines, the GMCs are helping to provide the quickest transportation the world has ever seen. In countless war-manufacturing areas, vast fleets of GMC-built Yellow Coaches are delivering the workers to their vital jobs. In the Army and on the highway, the GMCs are working over-time for victory.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 ★ Better-serviced trucks serve America ★
 ★ better! Investigate "Victory Maintenance" —GMC's answer to war-time ★
 ★ needs for peak performance, economy ★
 ★ and longer truck life. This truck saving ★
 ★ program is available for trucks ★
 ★ of all makes, through GMC ★
 ★ Branches and Dealers in ★
 ★ every section of the country. ★
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches • • Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces



NORMAL DAY IN JANE ENGEL'S NEW YORK BRIDAL SHOP FINDS THREE BRIDES AND TWO BRIDESMAIDS TRYING ON DRESSES. TWO GIRLS IN CENTER WILL BE FURLOUGH BRIDES

FURLOUGH BRIDES

THEY MARRY IN HASTE BUT MANAGE
TO HAVE PRETTY, FORMAL WEDDINGS
WITH TRADITIONAL SATIN AND VEIL

Wedding bells are ringing more frequently than ever before in U. S. history. Estimates are that 1,000,000 couples will be married this year, an all-time high. Because so many of their bridegrooms are service men, most brides will marry in haste but with formal ceremony. Catering to this demand are bridal shops throughout the U. S. where a complete formal wedding can be arranged on a day's notice. Typical scenes in bridal shops are shown on these pages.

To the dry-goods merchants of the U. S., to the jewelers, florists, caterers and "bridal consultants," the 1942 bride is the goose that lays the golden egg.

Although the increase in weddings is less than 10% over the peak year of 1941, total bridal business this year is expected to show a 50% increase. This bridal spending spree is attributed to two factors: 1) sentimental wartime fervor which loosens the purse strings of friends and relatives of furlough brides; 2) bulging pay envelopes in war industry towns.

Jewelers estimate total bridal business this year will be \$132,000,000. War industries' brides are setting up house, buying furniture, linen, glassware, flat silver and china. About 70% of the brides want to be married in formal wedding gown and traditional veil.



At Bamberger's (Newark, N. J.) prospective brides, bridesmaids and mothers wait for interview with busy bridal consultant. On a recent Saturday this office handled 40 weddings.



At Altman's (New York) bridal shop mothers supervise the fittings of bride-to-be daughters. The bride at desk consults bridal secretary who plans all wedding details, lists gift preferences.



At Mary Lewis' shop New York racks are lined with "sleeve" wedding gowns. Dresses are usually sent out at least two weeks before the marriage gown can be made. Six to nine are "ordered."

This is a 16-trait model (see Table 1) that is used for twin analyses. The model is based on the following assumptions:

HOW ONE FURLOUGH BRIDE, GRACE WEIGAND, PLANNED HER HASTY BUT FORMAL WEDDING



At Bamberger's Bridal Salon Grace (standing) and bridesmaid (seated) have gowns fitted while mother watches. With help of shop's bridal secretary, Grace has planned all wedding details.



Day before wedding, Grace packs all her worldly goods except wedding gown and traveling suit. Grace and husband, Ensign Edward Butler Ryan, left for his West Coast post after the wedding.



Goodbye to Butch, Grace's 2-year-old cocker spaniel, must be said before putting on gown and veil. The bridal finery is hung from the chandelier so that neither gown nor veil will be wrinkled.



At Sacred Heart Church, Vailsburg, N. J., Grace and Edward were married in haste but with complete formal ceremony. They were engaged during his first furlough and married on second.



We're All Behind You, Uncle Sam!

Every American is in *this* fight—in factories, on farms, in homes and schools. Comfort at work or at play helps millions do their jobs better. That's why men and boys throughout the nation rely on Hialeah and Penrod Summer Shirts for good looks, long wear and perfect ease. Just as Uncle Sam's fight-

ers Rely on Reliance-Made Parachutes, Air Mechanics' Suits, Fatigue Uniforms, Pants and Shirts, Sailors' White Jumpers, Trousers and Underwear.

Hialeah Shirts for Men • Penrod Shirts for Boys • Both worn in or out

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
212 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
200 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Ensenada Suits for Men, Women and Boys • Aywon Dress Shirts • Universal Pajamas • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Style Frocks • Big Yank Work Clothes



Furlough Brides (continued)



BRIDESMAID'S BOUQUET IS MADE OF TULLE AND 124 TEN-CENT VICTORY STAMPS

VICTORY-STAMP BOUQUETS ARE NEWEST FAD

Newest fad in bridal bouquets is the Victory-stamp corsage (*see cover*). Boutonnieres of war stamps were first spotted several months ago in the Midwest and are now being sold by stores all over the U. S. Corsages sell for actual cost of stamps plus the cost of making. With many sales girls donating part of their leisure time to stamp sales, stores can't keep up with demand.



MARY BLAKE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE SOLD A BIG BASKETFUL IN HALF AN HOUR



Wait for next leave . . . or marry now? Presents and showers — or is the great moment itself enough in wartime? So they plan, eagerly, hastily, ecstatically in love as any young people ever, bravely and gallantly looking towards their future. Let them but remember that throughout the coming years, a wedding in her own church is the woman's most precious memory. And of all material possessions, one alone must be procured now — or be lost to them forever. The engagement diamond on the young girl's "heart finger," her first and greatest gift of love, will never leave it through her lifetime. In the purchase of the stone, they should be conscious that color, cutting, brilliance and clarity affect value as much as carat weight. . . . The advice of a trusted jeweler will aid them. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies.



Current prices of unmounted quality diamonds: One-half carat, \$150 to \$350. One carat, \$350 to \$725. Two carats, \$900 to \$2200. Three carats, from \$1500. Federal tax included. Many jewelers will be glad to arrange extended payments.



"Imagine little me . . . helping the government!"



"Certainly I'm helping my country! The government has urged us as a nation to eat about twice as much fresh fruits and vegetables—for essential vitamins and minerals—for the well-balanced diet so

necessary to health and vigor in winning this war! Personally, the more fresh fruits and vegetables I eat, the better I feel and the more Red Cross work I can do. A well-balanced diet is very important for my whole family, too—so now we're all eating more fresh fruits and vegetables! Of course I buy them at my A&P Super Market—where freshness is tops, and where I get more for my money."

You, too, will find a harvest of help in the "Garden" of your A&P Super Market. Do you want your fresh fruits and vegetables packed with important vitamins and minerals, and containing natural sugars? Do you want to have that real down-on-the-farm flavor? Do you want to choose from a great abundance and variety? Do you want to get the utmost for the money you spend?

Of course you'll say "yes"! Then come to your A&P Super Market for all these benefits. You see, A&P buys its fresh fruits and vegetables

direct, usually right where they grow in field or orchard—ships them direct so that they come to market hours fresher, at peak flavor and rich in essential vitamins, minerals and natural sugars. You save money on your family food budget—because A&P's direct buying saves many unnecessary in-between costs and extra handling charges.

You'll find money-saving prices and outstanding quality everywhere you turn in the six huge food departments of your A&P Super Market. There you'll enjoy quality-guaranteed A&P "Super Right" Meats, famous A&P Coffees, superb Ann Page Foods, farm-fresh A&P Dairy Products, White House Evaporated Milk, Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Dated Donuts, Marvel "Enriched" Bread and many others.

Visit the "Garden" in your A&P Super Market today! Join the crowds of smart shoppers at the heaped-high bins and trays. Select the fresh fruits and vegetables you want to make your immediate meals extra nourishing and appetizing and to help you in important home-canning for the winter months.

And what will this mean to you?—You'll get the best available quality—save plenty—and make your family's meals tasteful and healthful in the manner most approved by your government!

SUPER



MARKETS

Save
UP TO 25%*

ON MANY FINE FOODS

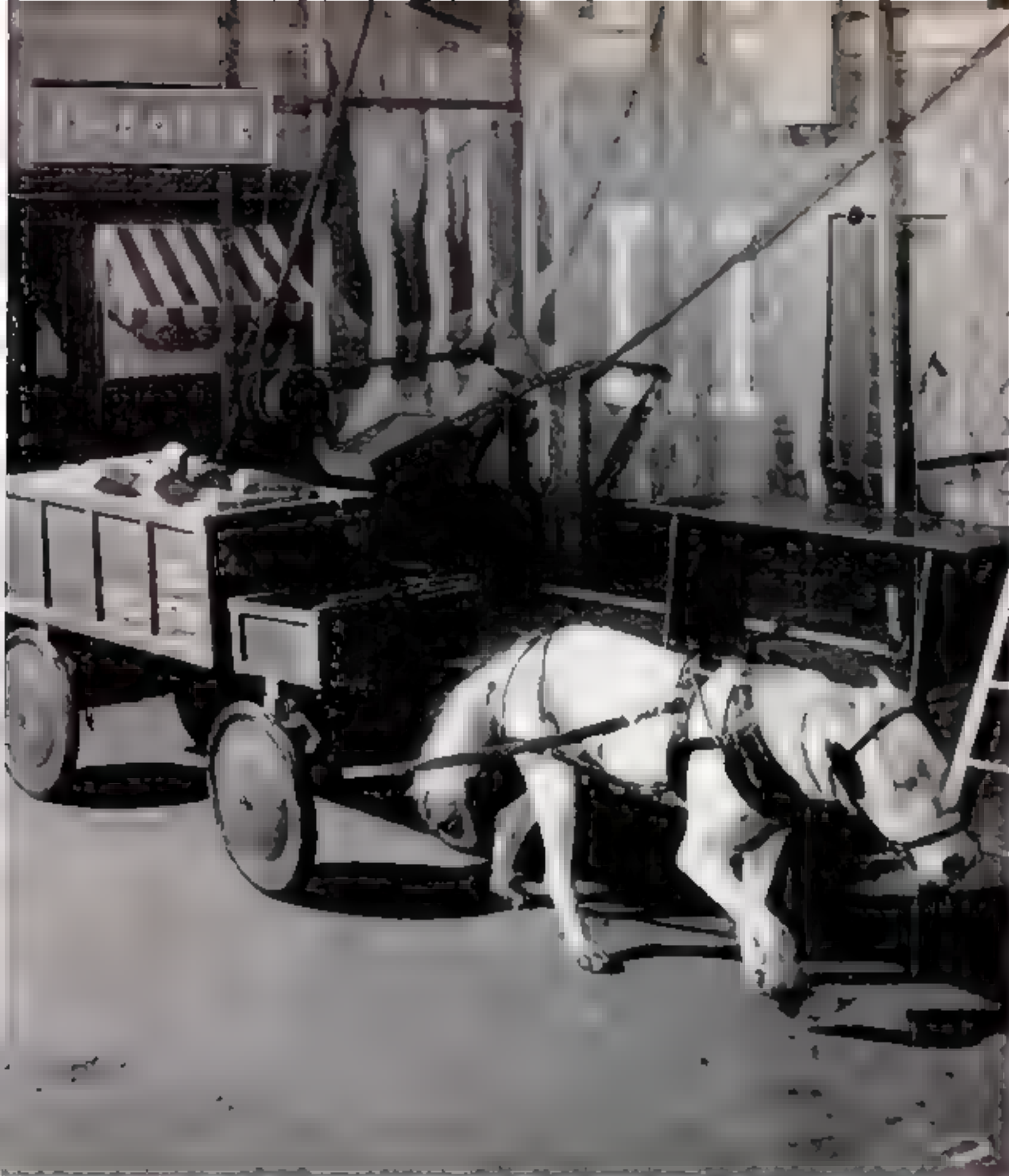
* Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and
Bokar Coffees
White House Evaporated Milk
The Ann Page Foods
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls & Donuts
34 A&P Canned Fruits & Vegetables

Sunnyfield Butter
Meats & Cheese
17 White Seal Household Products
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Sunnyfield Hams & Smoked Meats
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

A&P PLEDGE

A&P pledges all its experience and resources to bring you the best possible food at the lowest possible price.



Disguised as a horse with false head and false tail, one dog draws in a cartload of bricks for a very complicated construction project. The bricks are made out of cloth stuffed with sawdust.



Smart fox terrier on lower level puts brick into trough, flips it up to his co-worker on upper level who catches it deftly in his mouth. Note cement bags hanging above danger sign.

BROADWAY CRITICS GO WILD OVER TRAINED DOG ACT IN NEW VAUDEVILLE SHOW

In a season when Broadway critics have found almost nothing to praise, they have bestowed unanimous approval on a trained-dog act. This act, called "The Bricklayers," is now a headliner in *Top Notchers*, one of Broadway's new crop of vaudeville shows. Many

drama lovers attribute its success to the simple fact that no human actors are allowed to clutter up the stage. The dogs carry on competently by themselves.

Trainer of act is Leonard Gantier, son of a French circus owner. He prefers mongrels to pedigreed dogs

because they are easier to teach. Some of his star actors—they are all male—were bought in city pounds for 50¢ apiece. Training time is six months.

Here and on the next page LIFE presents scenes from the first all-dog drama on the American stage.

Charlie, star of the show and chief worker on construction gang, makes his entrance on his hind legs as do all the other dog actors. He visits the corner saloon for a snifter between jobs.



Charlie comes to no good when cement bags fall on him due to his drunken carelessness after he leaves the saloon. Charlie is not dead but so severely "wounded" he can't stand up.





Now Across America it's
Sparkies
 for
Breakfast!

...FOR THIS NEW-DAY CEREAL
 ADDS 2 VITAL HEALTH ELEMENTS
 WIDELY DEFICIENT IN AMERICAN DIETS!

★ Daily, new millions discover a great new "Spark Up." It is America's new-day breakfast—crisp bubbles of rice or whole wheat—loved by everyone. And more than a treat. For besides natural grain benefits, Sparkies now brings 2 extra elements we now know to be most widely deficient in American diets, yet very important to health!

Now, Sparkies adds a bonus of "morale

vitamin" B₁ widely deficient, yet essential for sparkling energy, sound nerves. And an extra source of vitamin D, rare in foods, yet vital for normal growth.

Now every mother can give her children these healthful benefits. Now every man and woman can tap this great new energy source. Give your family delicious Sparkies. Buy Wheat Sparkies and Rice Sparkies today.

SPARK UP WITH
Sparkies
 WHEAT OR RICE
© 1962, U.S. PAT. OFF.



"The Bricklayers" (continued)



Charlie's child and widow, suitably dressed in black, come to mourn their old man stretched out on bench. Charlie's child is smallest, costliest dog in the act, cost \$75.



City ambulance drawn by another "horse" arrives to take Charlie and his wife to the hospital. Charlie recovers sufficiently to give this dog melodrama a happy ending.



On a scooter, Charlie's child rides off gaily. Leonard Gautier, the trainer, spent three months teaching this cute and difficult stunt to Silky, a 7-year-old Yorkshire terrier.

Chopped Baby Foods for Mother! ...well partly!



1

Of course, you know that Gerber's Chopped (Junior) Foods are for babies who have outgrown Strained Foods and are still not quite ready for family meals. Mothers don't eat them. But mothers buy them and serve them, and they do appreciate little thoughtful conveniences...



2

... like, for instance, the shiny little cans Gerber's Chopped Foods come packed in. In the first place, they cost not a whit more than the Strained Foods cans. Which is exclusively a Gerber idea, and we'll bet it's the first thing about baby you paid even less for than you expected!



3

What's more, the small size supplies an average portion (along with the other foods in baby's meal) without tiresome left-overs. Saves fuss and refrigerator space, and gives baby a bright new dish to look forward to every day. The scrumptious taste of these home-grown vegetables and meat combinations helps eliminate left-overs too.



4

Finally, your doctor will want you to make the change to Chopped Foods *gradually*. Having them in the same-size, same-price can makes it simple. Just include a can or two in the batch of Strained Foods — and you don't have to be a genius at mental arithmetic to figure the total price, either! Gerber Products Company, Fremont, Michigan.



As with every food you introduce baby to, be sure to ask your doctor about the proper time to start Gerber's Chopped Foods. No need to ask him how baby will take to them, though. My own did, with gusto! And I assure you, they're as pure, wholesome and nourishing as even a mother could wish.

Mrs. Ivan Gerber

TEN TEMPTING DISHES FOR YOUR TODDLER:

VEGETABLE AND BEEF VEGETABLE AND LAMB VEGETABLE AND LIVER

by the makers of

Gerber's
Baby Foods

CEREALS • STRAINED FOODS • CHOPPED FOODS

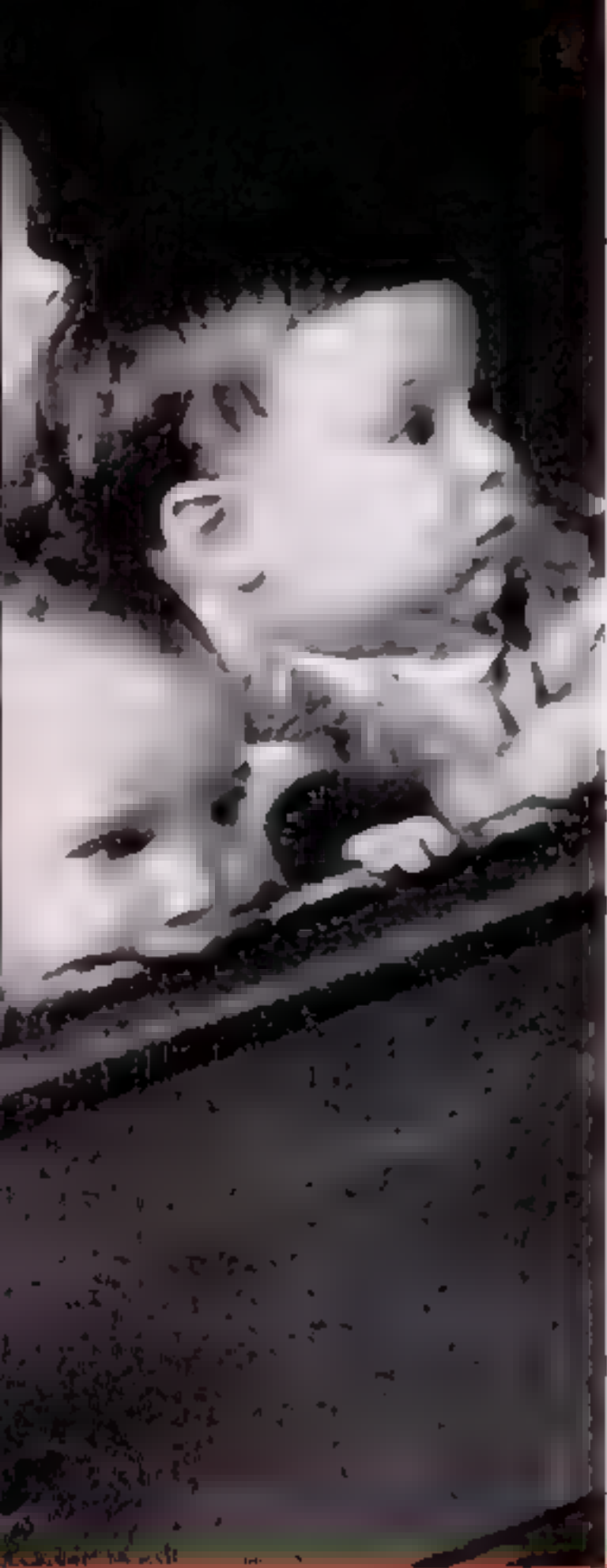


(Above) Detroit photographer Cleland Clark took this great picture, "Nursery Children," right after the children had finished their lunch and were in a calm and contemplative mood. A group picture of young children is one of the most difficult feats in photography. Mr. Clark achieves it so successfully that each child's individuality is clearly marked—yet the whole has great unity and rhythm. One of the unforgettable pictures of the year. Made on Kodak Film.

(Left) Few pictures of animals reach as high a point of photographic art as this study of a cocker spaniel by Don Buker, A.R.P.S. There is rare beauty in the exquisite rendering of textures; there are humor and pathos in the marvelously caught expression, with its ever-so-slight suggestion of caricature. Widely exhibited and reproduced—the picture has won a place all its own with our dog-loving public. Made on Kodak Film.

The great pictures a

There is a Kodak Film for ever
... Roll-Film Users: Accept no
Film—which only Eastman m



se four pictures
have won the
arts of millions

(Above) Because cats are such independent beings, the photographer of cats has generally to wait with infinite patience for his lucky moment. Cameraman James A. McMahon worked three hours trying to get the two kittens in this picture to frolic about and show animation; at the end of which time he surprised one of them in an immense yawn. The result was so gratifying that it took a winning place in an important 1941 contest—has become a universal favorite. *Made on Kodak Film.*

(Right) Nearly every American home possesses at least a few snapshots like this one; pictures of the children that keep forever some treasured moment of their childhood, pictures of the family, the family pets, the fun of vacation days. Snapshots have become the American way of recording American life. *Made on Kodak Film.*



made on **KODAK FILM**

ure-taking need. Use Kodak Film always; it pays
but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak
... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



IN HIS SHABBY BEDROOM ALAN LADD AS "RAVEN," THE KILLER, RECEIVES ORDERS BY MAIL TO DO A LITTLE JOB OF MURDER AND TESTS OUT HIS ONLY FRIEND: HIS AUTOMATIC



Veronica Lake in a freight yard hides her face under a man's hat just as she did before in railroad scenes

from Sullivan's Travels. This time she is captured by a killer, mercifully helps him in evading the police

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

This Gun For Hire

Lake and Ladd make an unusual melodrama

This *Gun For Hire* rises above the run of ordinary melodrama because it has two requisites of a good movie: action and original characters. Its action eddies around a professional killer hired to do a job for enemy agents making poison gas in California. Its characters are an odd lot of crooks and crook-catchers, none of them from the Hollywood stock room of standard replaceable parts.

As a lady magician enlisted by the FBI, Veronica Lake adds to her reputation, if not as an actress, certainly as a personality. For Veronica, the paradox, can cool the fevered brow of a sick man with one stroke and with another stroke produce a fever in a well man. To cooperate with her, Paramount casts big Laird Cregar in a new variation of his psychopathic-as-man role, Preston Foster as a sensible detective and 78-year-old Lily Marshall as a sinister, milk-drinking tycoon. But stand-out attraction in the company is 28-year-old Alan Ladd who suggests by his deadpan acting the festering bitterness of a killer who hates everything. For more news about this rising new dramatic star, turn to page 54.

Pratt & Whitney Engines

Pratt & Whitney Engines

Pratt & Whitney Engines

**Pratt & Whitney Engines
Hamilton Standard Propellers
Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes**

Pratt & Whitney Engines

Hamilton Standard Propellers

Hamilton Standard Propellers

Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes

Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes

Pratt & Whitney Engines

great manufacturers
team up with
UNITED AIRCRAFT

Engines, propellers and airplanes are among the items of equipment most vitally needed by our armed forces. The faster they can be made, the sooner this war can be won.

United Aircraft recognized this fact as far back as the summer of 1940, and started enlisting other manufacturers as emergency production sources. Under this program ten great manufacturers, whose names are household words, have teamed up to build several billion dollars worth of Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton Standard propellers and Vought-Sikorsky airplanes *per year*. This emergency production will be without profit to United Aircraft, which has gladly contributed its proven designs, technical experience and manufacturing "know-how."

This foresight is bringing results today. Precious months have been saved. A number of these manufacturers are already shipping engines and propellers in quantity, and the others are rapidly gearing up for production.

All this is in addition to United Aircraft's own vastly expanded production, which has increased many fold since 1940.

This teamwork typifies the cooperative spirit of American industry in this emergency, about which the *New York Times* says:

"The whole manufacturing picture with regard to aircraft is an encouraging example of American industrial spirit rising to meet an emergency, with full cooperation and interchange of design, personnel and equipment between previously competitive elements within the aircraft industry and the automobile industry, and between the two great industries themselves."

In enlisting the full-out efforts of these ten organizations, United Aircraft has helped to create what is probably the greatest manufacturing team the world has ever known.

EAST BARTFORD - CONNECTICUT



Pratt & Whitney Engines



Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes



Hamilton Standard Propellers

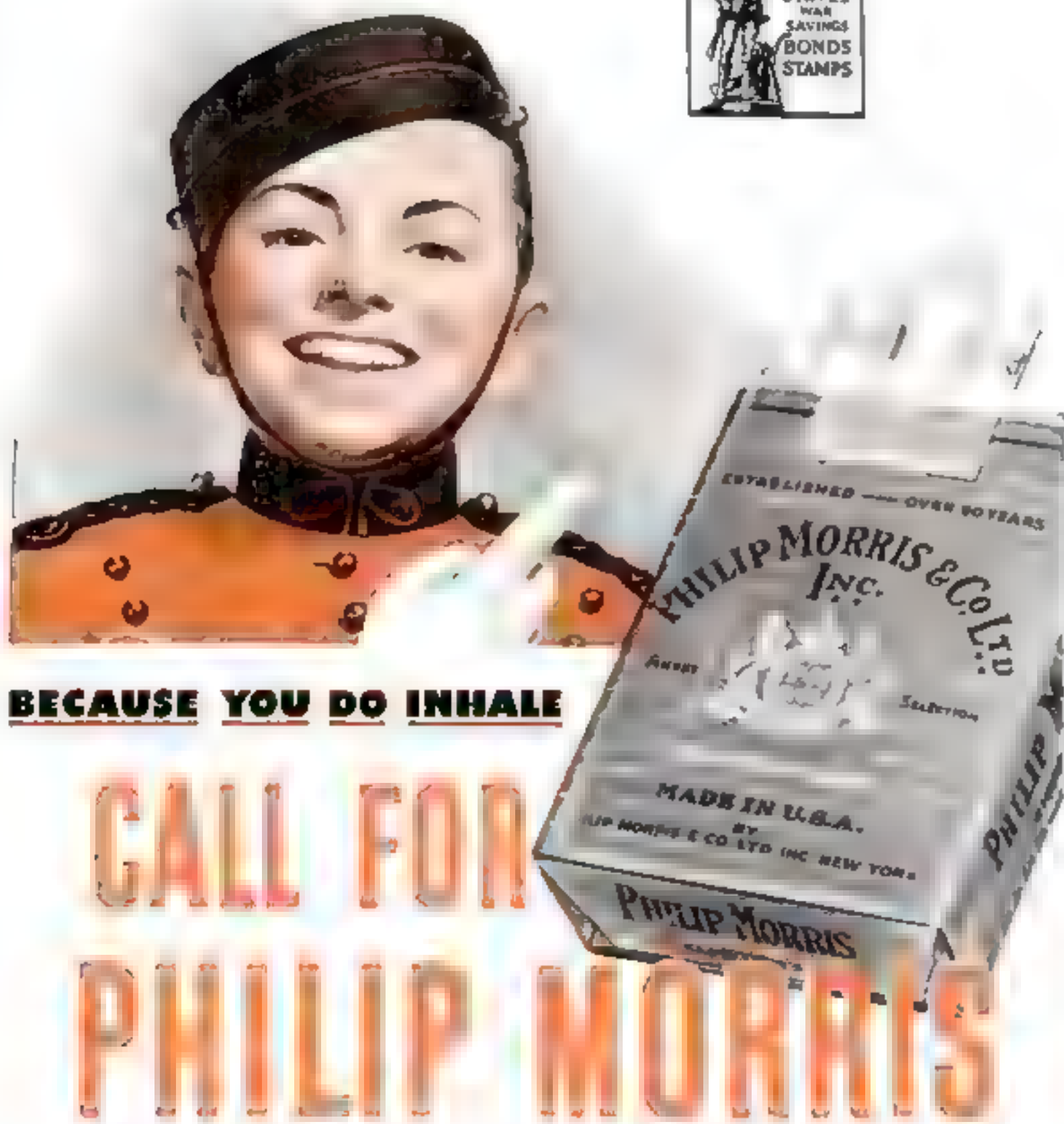
EVEN THOUGH YOU INHALE.
NO WORRY
ABOUT THROAT IRRITATION!

SURE you inhale. All smokers do—sometimes. So play safe with your throat.

Look at this . . . a vital difference found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

This exclusive, proved protection is a plus—added to your enjoyment of the superb-quality PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos. Smoking that's a lot more fun—and no worry about throat irritation—even when you do inhale!



BECAUSE YOU DO INHALE

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE

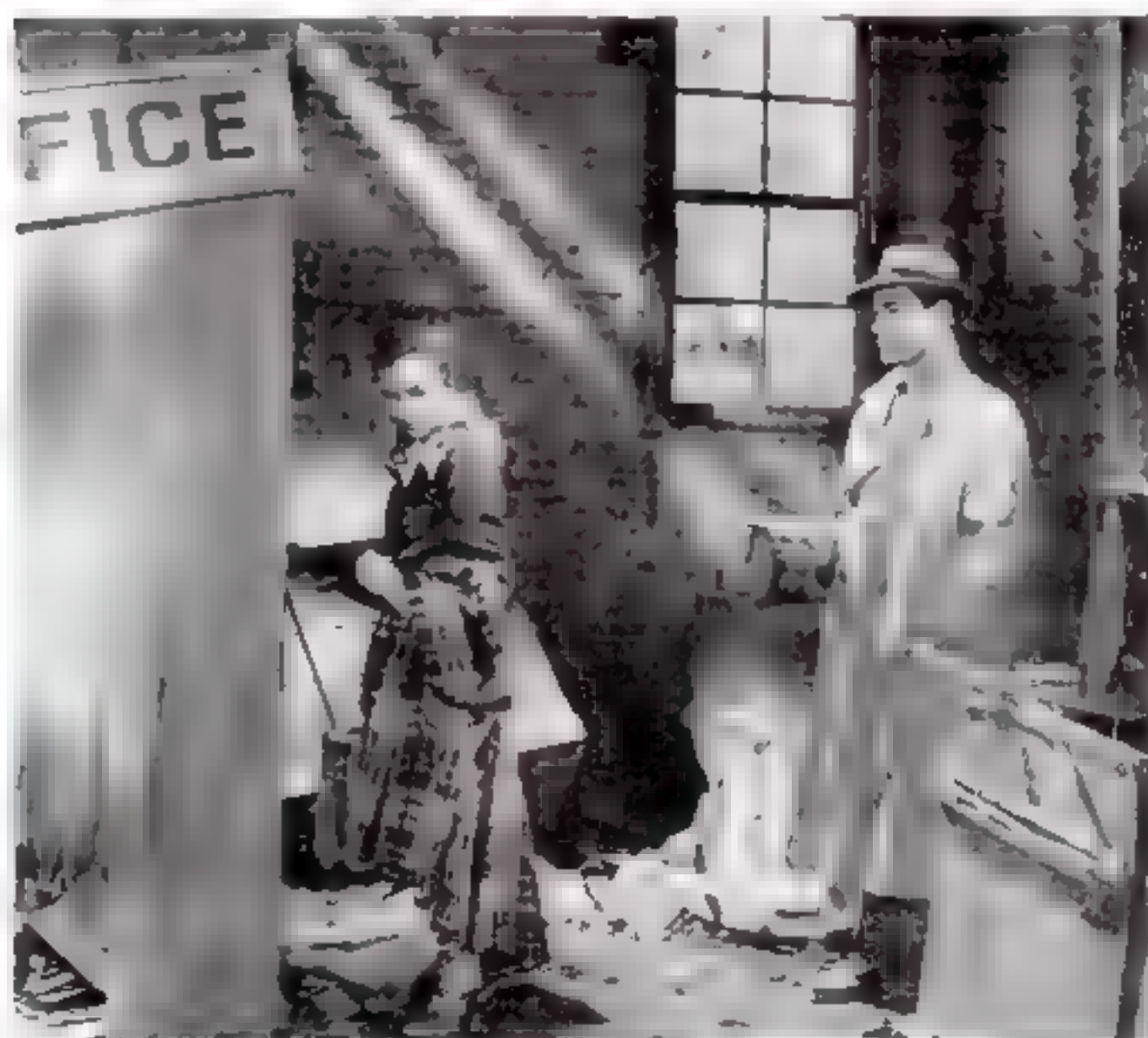
"This Gun for Hire" (continued)



Killer's first victim is a blackmailer who stole formula for poison gas from an enemy agent, threatened to give it to U. S. Killer was hired by enemy to retrieve the formula.



Killer sleeps by Veronica whom he meets by chance on train. He is discovered by the enemy agent (Laird Cregar) who hired him, and now assumes Veronica is helping him.



Killer attempts to murder Veronica in a deserted factory close to the Los Angeles railway station because she has accidentally discovered that he is wanted by the police.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

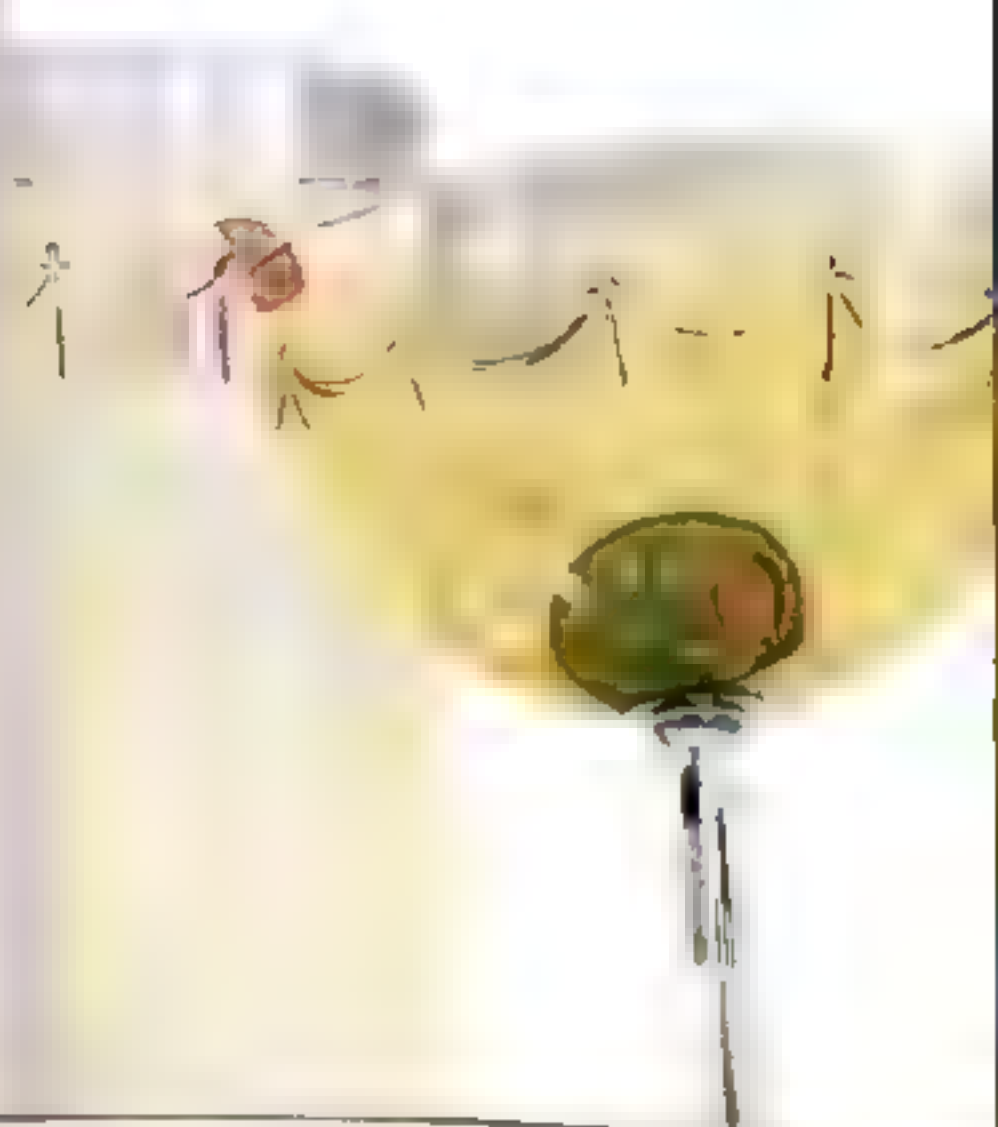
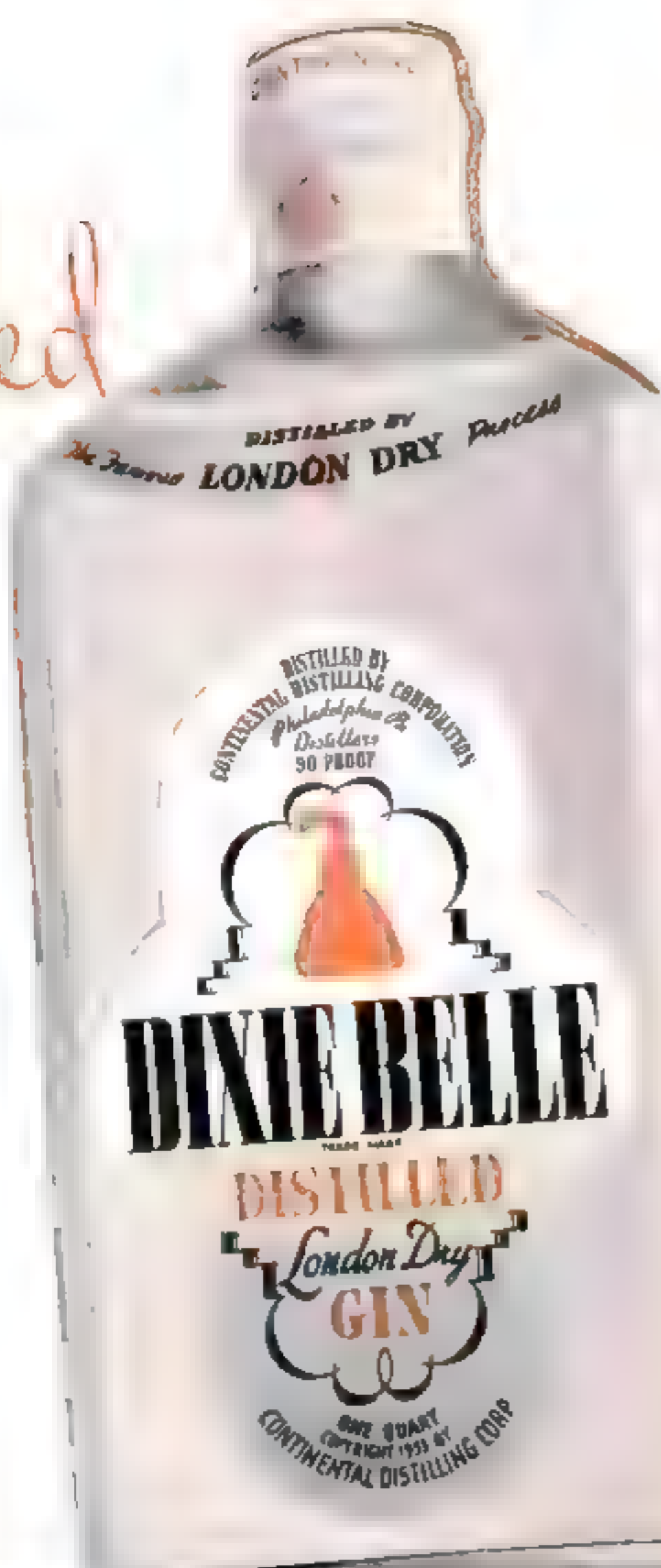
FOR

Distinguished Service

To say that Dixie Belle will make your favorite gin drinks taste better, is both a suggestion and a challenge. It is true that you find this fine gin served in the ultra-smart places where only perfection will do. Yet many a host has built a reputation as a super-mixer because he knows where to begin . . . with the right gin . . . Dixie Belle. It happens to be what most people consider the perfect gin . . . suave, gracious, discreet yet with distinct character and definite authority. Regardless of your present brand, do yourself this favor. Try Dixie Belle Gin next time you're buying.

80 Proof • • • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MURRELL PHOTOGRAPH

*More sirens
needed!*

★ More sirens needed . . . on the high seas . . . at the lakes . . . at the pools . . . to show the army, the navy, the air corps, the marines, that America is lined up gloriously to keep fit! The new Jantzens take care of everything . . . lift the bustline . . . firm the hips . . . slim the waist . . . smooth the tummy . . . thanks to wonderful Jantzen foundation control. The colors are something to sing about . . . the fabrics knit with "Lastex" yarn hold their line and loveliness . . . come sun or high water! For the men . . . Jantzen's on the job with the best looking trim tailored trunks of all times. Smartest new styles, textures, colors.

The new "Chevron" trunks, 3.95 "Midriff" 5.50

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON, VANCOUVER, CANADA

Jantzen

AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT



Pursued by police, the killer escapes into drain pipe of the city gas works with Veronica whom he holds as shield against police bullets. By now Veronica softens his heart.



Disguised in gas mask during a drill in poison chemical factory, killer sneaks up on the enemy agent who hired him, then double-crossed him by turning him over to police.



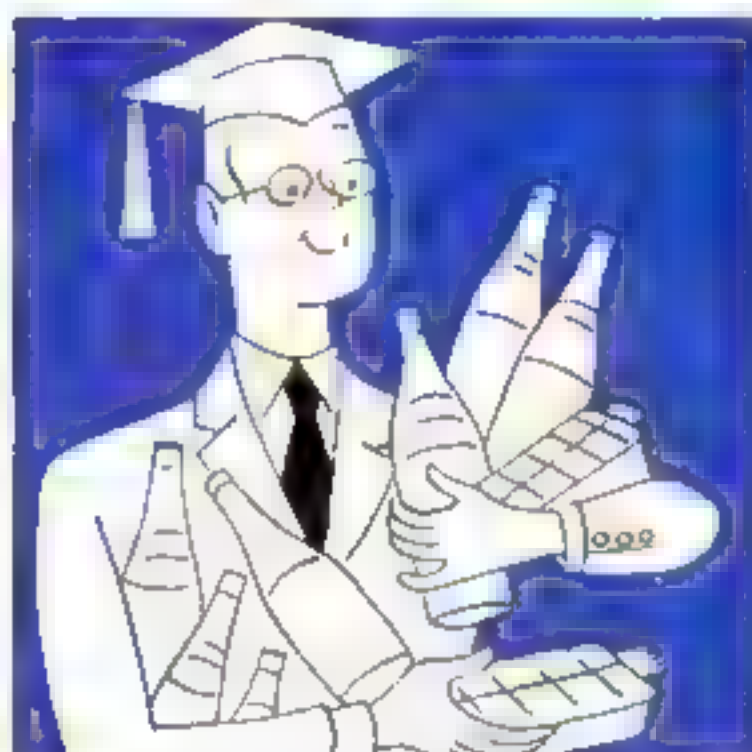
In inner sanctum of chemical factory, killer (center) meets the head enemy agent (Tully Marshall), forces him to sign confession for U. S. Government, then gets shot himself.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Strange case of the One-way Honeymoon



June is a great month for bubble weddings. In summer, air bubbles escape by the dozen from most melting ice and take your highball's bubbles on a one-way honeymoon—right out of your drink. Then ice water dilutes what's left... your drink goes flat!



Outsmart the ice. Insist on Sparkling Canada Dry Water—as thousands of smart hosts do, sip livelier, finer-flavored highballs, and broadly...



... **Beam!** Its pin-point carbonated one-millions of tinier bubbles—stays Blissfully Bubbly to the last cool sip!

P. S. When you're "out," speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink.

Ginger Ale Highballs taste best when made with "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, and Spur—the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.

Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

THE ANSWER TO YOUR TALL DRINKS!

S O S
(SAVE) (BUY) (SPARKLE!)

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Regularly



A partly used, recapped bottle put in your refrigerator keeps its sparkle 24 hrs.

The better way to brighter teeth

DR. WEST'S *Vray*

BRAND

THE MODERN DENTAL CREAM

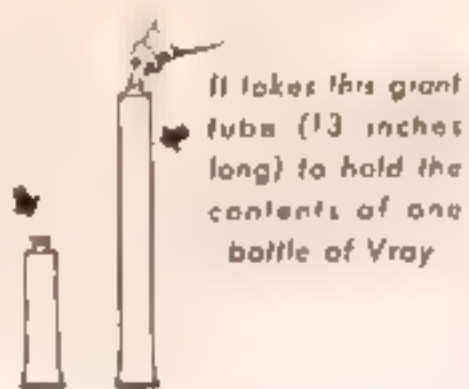
Its surging, foaming
cleansing power goes into action the
moment you begin brushing.

Even
difficult-to-remove tobacco stains.

Saves You Money

One bottle of Vray (6 full oz., 231 brushings!) fills
a tooth paste tube OVER TWICE AS BIG as the
average 39¢ to 50¢ dentifrice tube.

Average size tube
used by 8 most
popular dentifrices
selling at 39¢ to
50¢ (6 1/2 inches
long)



Regularly 50¢

now **39¢**

LIMITED TIME ONLY
TO GET NEW
USERS

Now Economizer Cap

THE FIRST DENTAL
CREAM TO BE
PACKED IN GLASS
—SAVES TIN FOR
WAR NEEDS

"This Gun For Hire" (continued)

LADD WORKED HARD FOR STARDOM

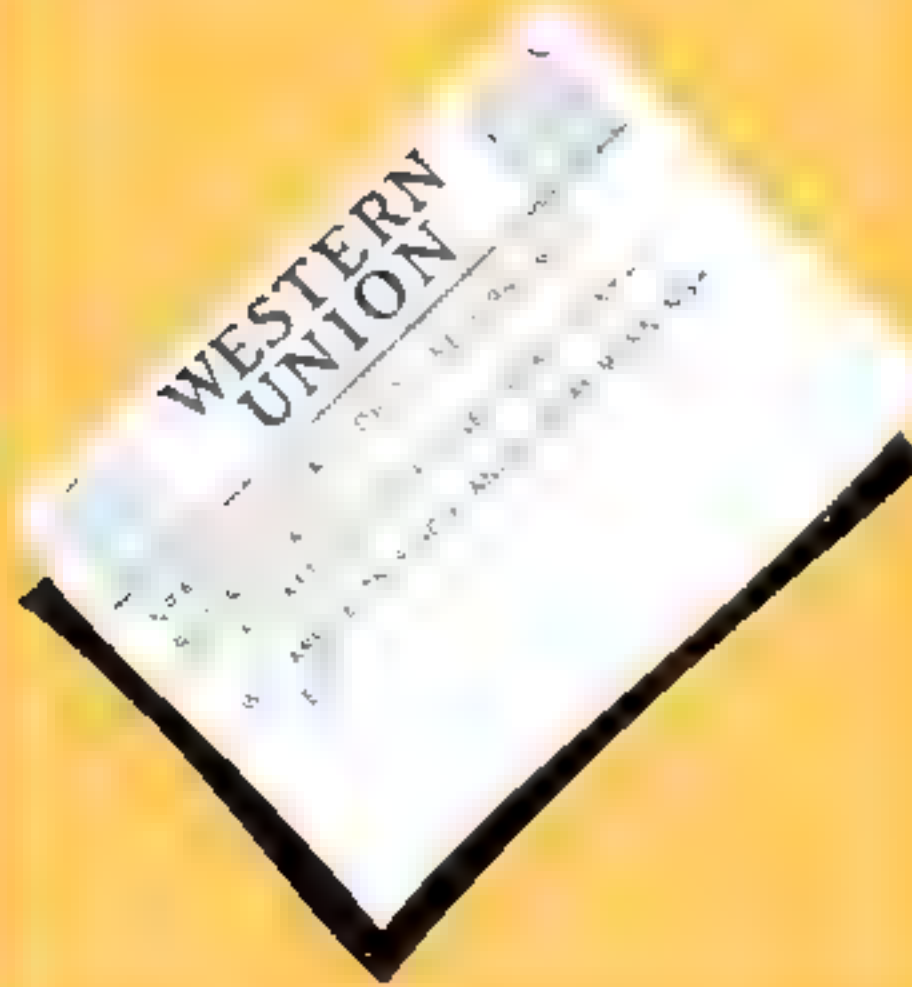
Alan Ladd is a green-eyed, sandy-haired young American who excels at dramatic parts because, he says, he acts with inner intensity. Actually, Ladd's intense look comes from years of hard work. At 8 he sold papers in and out of Hollywood. Then he clerked at grocery stores, worked as a locker boy and a guard. Below are some of the highlights of his career in LIFE.



Know your M's



1. This is a M_____



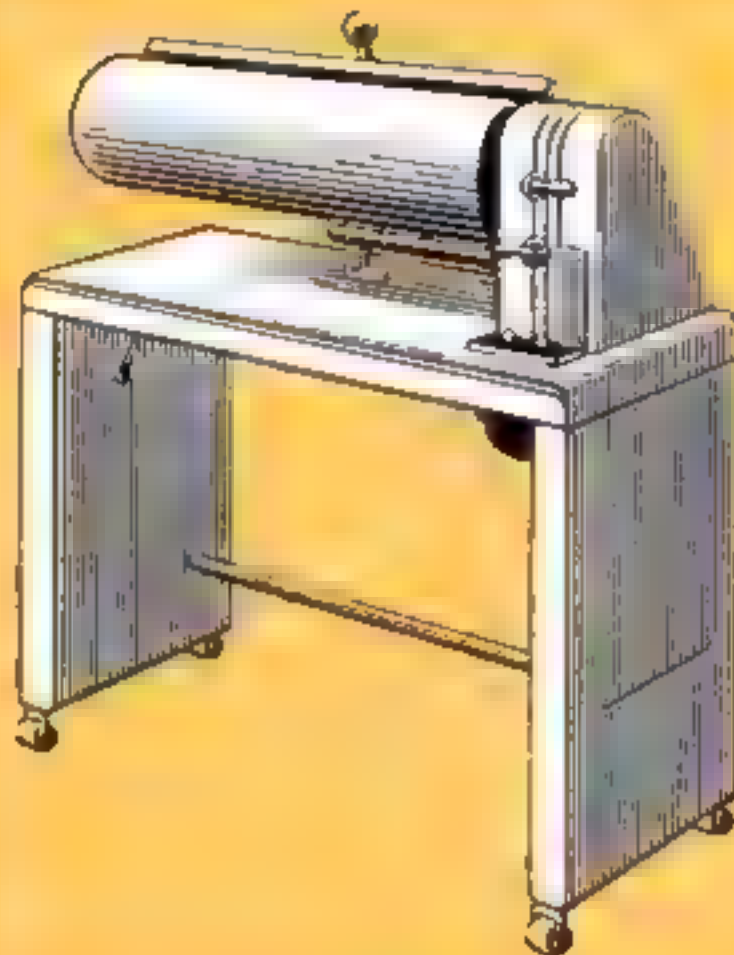
2. This is a M_____



3. This is a M_____



4. This is a M_____



5. This is a M_____



6. This is M_____ & M_____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

DON'T LOOK NOW and we'll tip you off to the answer to number 6. And if you got it right, you're a man of wisdom and sound judgment, regardless of the rest of your score. It's *Mattingly & Moore*, the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

Now here's how to score:

All six right, you're a superman; five, amazing; four, superior; three, above average; two, average; one, you could do better, unless, of course, it was *M & M* you picked right. Here they are...

ANSWERS: 1, *Marabou*; 2, *Message*; 3, *Medal*; 4, *Manhattan*; 5, *Mangle*; 6, *Mattingly & Moore*, probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

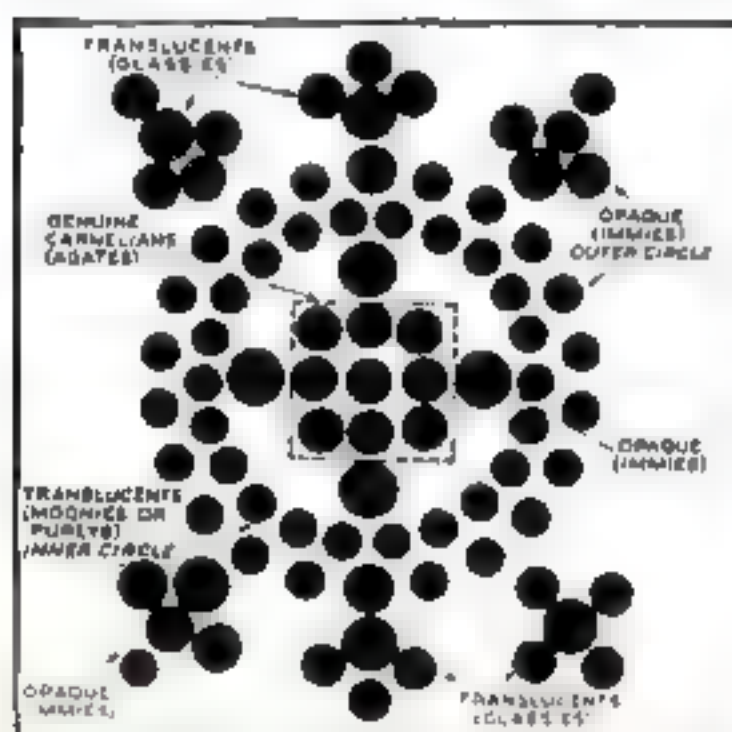
-Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



AMID MASSED FLAGS AND FANS, BELOIT'S MIBS TOURNAMENT BEGINS IN THREE 10-FT. HARD-CLAY RINGS

MARBLES-MAD BELOIT CROWNS A NEW MIBS KING



KINDS OF MARBLES IN OPPOSITE PAGE

The Annual Mibs Championship is to Beloit, Wis. what Patriot's Day is to Boston and what Derby Day is to Louisville. As soon as the last snow melts away, Beloit adults begin planning for it, Beloit kids begin practicing for it. Youngsters spend long afternoons "lagging," polishing spins, sharpening their eyes and toughening their hands. During the early spring each school holds a tournament, and then late in May Beloit's best compete for the city title. The championship tourney is preceded by a gala parade, band music, and a procession of champions. Then, as 1,500 spectators cram into temporary bleachers to watch, the kids shoot it out for the title on three raised hard-clay rings at one of the city playgrounds. Here, and on page 39, LIFE shows some of the mibs techniques which have made Beloit marble marksmen justly famous.

MISS KING PHIL SAMP, WHO ALSO WON IN 1916 HOLDS PEDIGREE COCKER SPANIEL. THIS YEAR'S PRIZE



Backspin grip for close shot has knuckle of the longest finger on the ground. This form of English makes shooter hug spot where it hits mib.



Correct grip for putting English on a shooter with counter-clockwise spin. The knuckle of longest finger rests on the ground for a close shot.



Counter-clockwise spin grip shown from above. Experts hold knuckle of thumb against the shooter. Beginners often use thumb-nail instead.



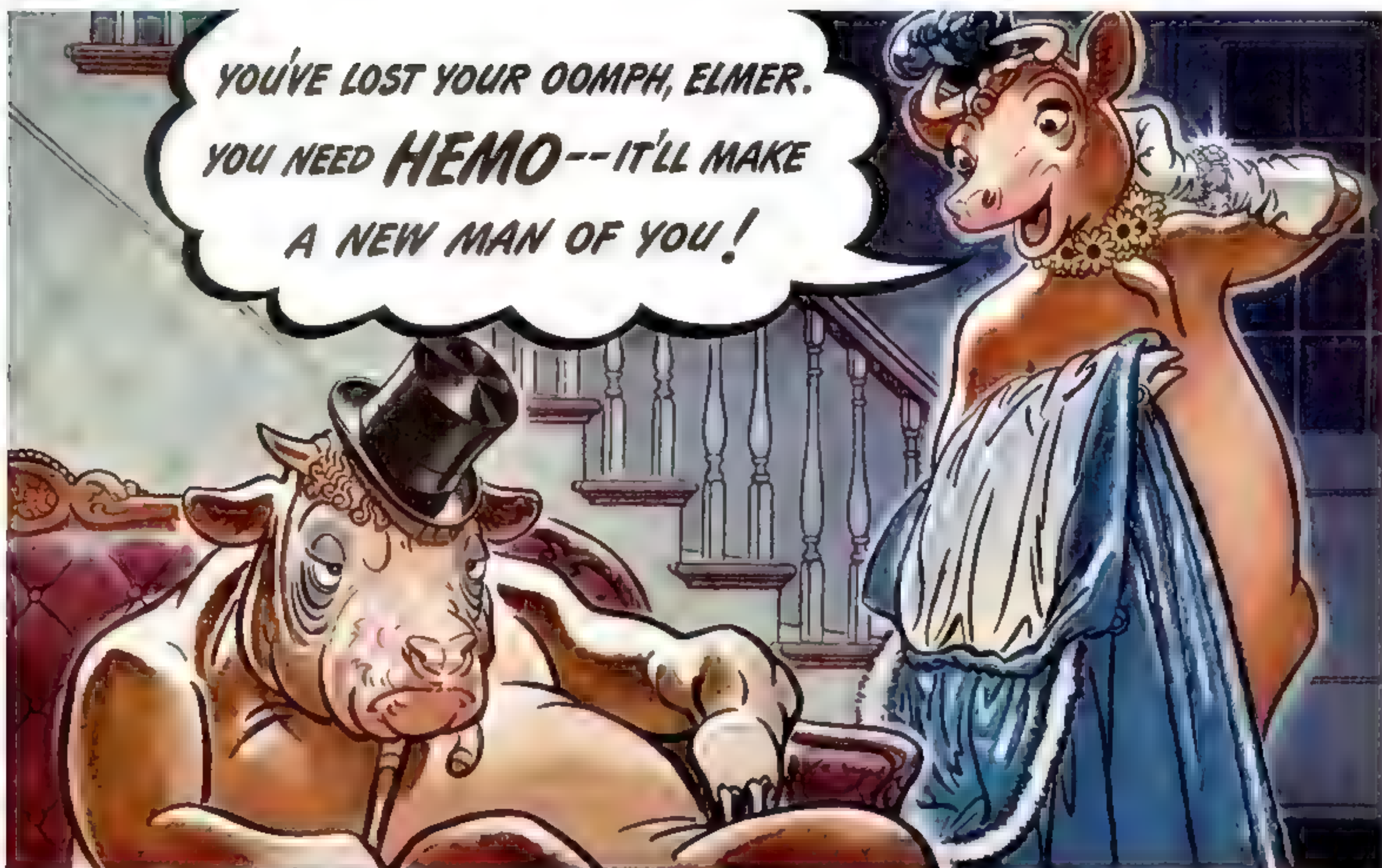
For long shot with backspin, shooter is held in same grip except that third, not second, knuckle rests on ground, allowing more elevation.



These multicolored marbles are all made of glass except the genuine agates (see diagram on opposite page). These agates

are cut from a semiprecious stone, natural carnelian. Tournament-wise players prize them above other "mibs," not

only for their fine luster and beautiful color but for their unusual density which makes them effective heavy shooters.



Copyright 1942 The Borden Company

Here's Hemo... Borden's New Way to Drink Your Vitamins and Like 'em!

HERE'S HEMO—Borden's grand new drink—made for every man, woman, and child who needs more vitamins and minerals to get a new kick out of life!

HEMO has a deep, rich, malty flavor. Tastes like the slickest malted milk you ever drank—only better!

BUT HEMO is more—far more—than just a grand-tasting drink!

HEMO is crammed with vitamins and minerals—enough to really do some good! One

glass of HEMO daily—yes, *just one*—gives you half the total daily adult requirements of Vitamins A, B₁, D, and G, *plus* iron! And extra needed calcium and phosphorus, too!

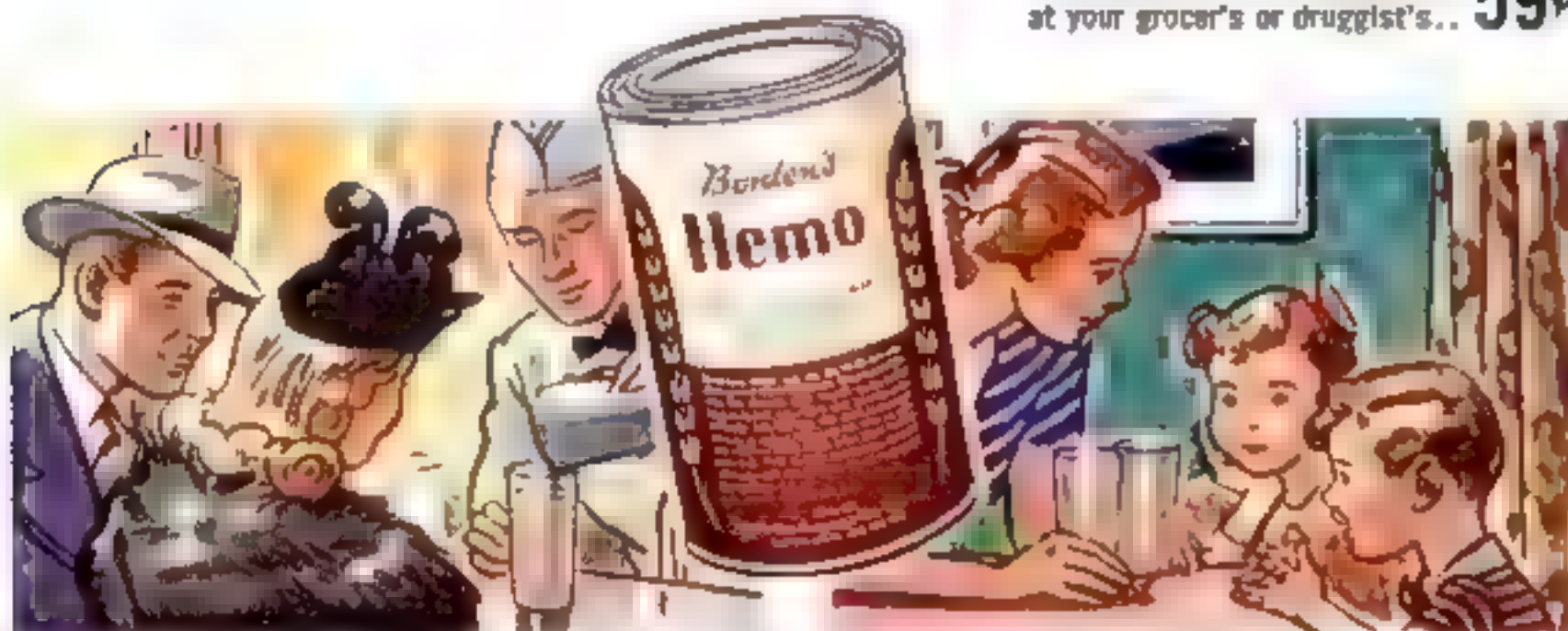
Added to a usual diet, that's enough to make up almost any shortage of *all* these vital food elements! Enough HEMO to make one drink costs only 2½¢!

Start drinking HEMO today. Lean back and enjoy every sip. See if you don't start feeling better, looking better, and tackling each day with more pep! Get HEMO now!

Full pound—24 delicious drinks at your grocer's or druggist's... **59¢**

JUST ONE GLASS OF **HEMO** GIVES YOU:

- The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
- PLUS**
- The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
- PLUS**
- The Vitamin B in 3 servings of beef liver!
- PLUS**
- The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!
- PLUS**
- The iron in ½ pound of beef!
- PLUS**
- The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



At your favorite fountain: Ask for HEMO made up like a malted milk in any flavor you like.

To make HEMO at home: Follow directions on label. Enough HEMO for a drink costs 2½¢!

Borden's
Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Beloit Marbles (continued)



On opening "potstick" shot, Clyde Kulas hits center nub out of ring. (Strings indicate course of marbles.) First player to knock seven of 14 nubs out of ring wins the match.



Using English with counter-clockwise spin, Clyde hits another nub out of ring. His shooter spins into the ring's center, putting him in good position to hit any other nub.



New king Phil Samp executes a difficult combination potstick and "dubs" shot. First nub, hit by shooter, has hit second nub, both going out of the ring as shooter stays in.

WONDERS OF AMERICA Aerial Ears

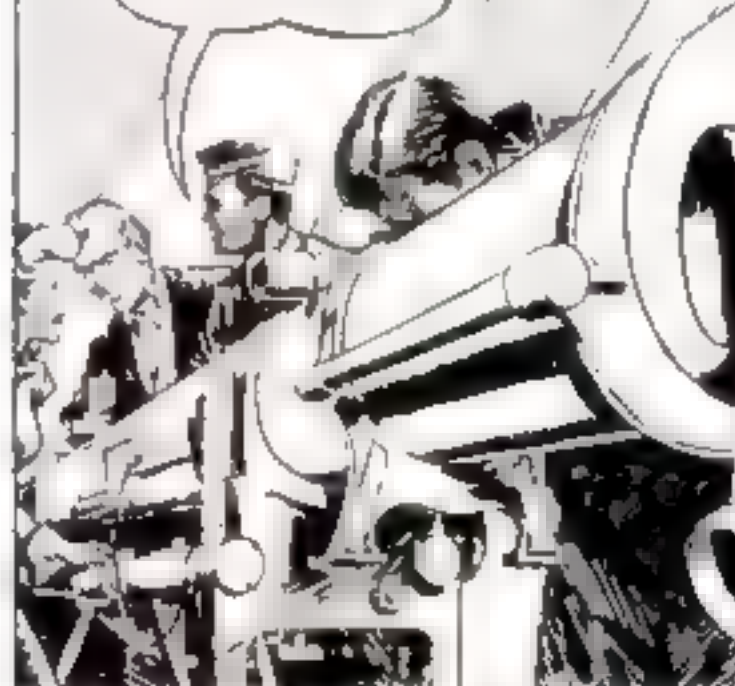


ASTONISHING INSTRUMENT FOR DETECTING APPROACH OF ENEMY PLANES MANY MILES OFF. HORNS ARE ROTATED TO FIND PLANES' ELEVATION AND DIRECTION. THE HORN UPPER RIGHT ASSISTS THE OTHER TWO

THIS MECHANISM WITH THE MINIATURE PLANE CHECKS ON DETAILS OF THE ATTACKING SQUADRON SUCH AS ITS SPEED AND THE WIND-DRIFT OF THE SOUND



THIS INSTRUMENT CALCULATES THE RANGE — THAT IS, THE DISTANCE OF THE ENEMY PLANES. THIS AND THE OTHER DATA CONTROL THE FIRING OF THE GUNS



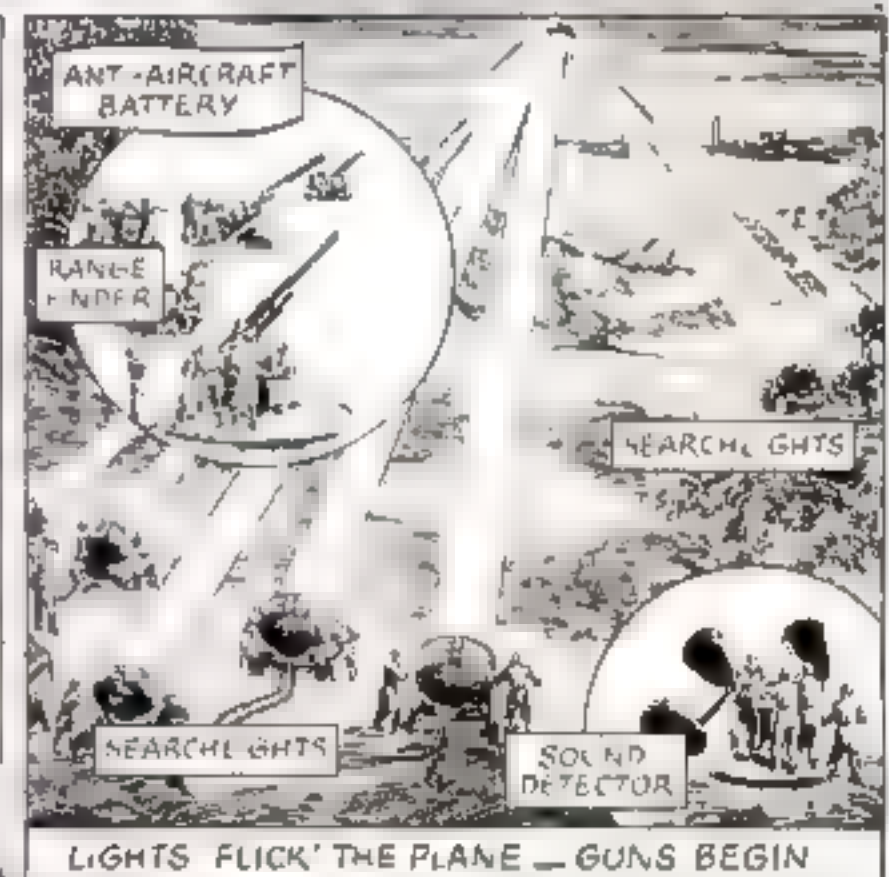
THE SEARCHLIGHT THROWS AN 800 MILLION CANDLE-POWER BEAM 3 TO 6 MILES. THE LIGHT SOURCE IS HOT ENOUGH TO BURN UP A DIAMOND



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — **COOLEST OF ALL!**



THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN WE REALLY APPRECIATE COMFORT IN OUR SMOKES — THE DELIGHTFUL MILDNESS AND MELLOWNESS OF PRINCE ALBERT COMBINED WITH SUCH HEARTY RICHNESS OF TASTE

50

STUFFS 'EM FRA-RAN' ORACLE IN EVERY HANDY POCKET AND OF PRINCE ALBERT



WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS ARE 'THAT WAY' ABOUT PA, TOO. THE NO-BITE PROCESS GIVES OUR TONGUES A BREAK, WHILE THE CRIMP CUT SPINS UP SO QUICK AND EASY

70

FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CHARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET AND OF PRINCE ALBERT



PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE







Old customer of Barber Kohl is James Martin, 73, retired State Highway foreman. He says, "I'm the first man Grover ever shaved," but several others claim this title.

SMALL TOWN BARBER

His shop is the headquarters for village news

In many a rural U. S. town the best place to go for news is the local barbershop. In Amenia, N. Y. (population 6,673), a neat white village in rolling dairy country near the Connecticut line, the shop to go to is Grover Cleveland Kohl's (opposite page). Grover Kohl, now 58, has been shaving faces and cutting folks' hair in Amenia for more than 40 years. His father came from the Park Avenue Hotel in New York City in 1888 and opened a small shop facing the village square. Grover learned the trade in the days when 150 decorated shaving mugs stood in his father's rack, and he has been there ever since. He never married. This year, as in 1898 and 1917, most of the talk he hears is about war. He himself has a war job as an aircraft spotter at a farm near Amenia from 2 a. m. until 6, one morning a week.



Postmaster H. Bertram Miller, 39, gets an expert head rub from Barber Kohl. Miller is chief observer for the U. S. Army Aircraft Warning Service in the Amenia district.

Continued on next page

The talk of the town



Blackie: "As I was saying, Whitey—we're becoming quite a topic of conversation."

Whitey: "Which proves, Blackie, that people like to talk about pleasant things."

• Whenever the subject turns to Scotch, you'll find Black & White the center of conversation. People enjoy describing its fine character, its superb flavor and bouquet. And because one good friend tells another, Black & White gets a warm welcome everywhere.



EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



George Rector

America's No. 1 Food Authority

recommends nutritious

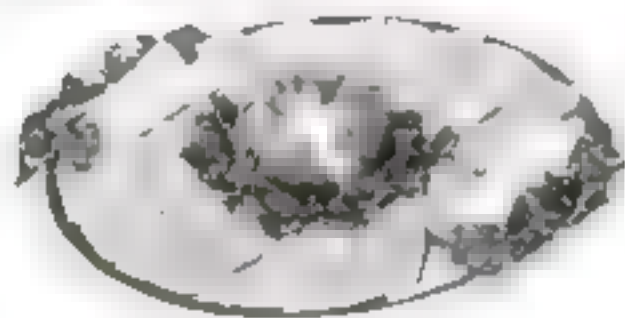
MOR

A natural source of Vitamin B₁

Tender, juicy pork—cured and mildly spiced for finer flavor.

Nutritious and thrifty. No bone, no gristle, no WASTE. All meat.

ANOTHER RECTOR MOR MENU



SLICED MOR	
JUNE RELISHES	POTATO SALAD
BUTTERED GREEN BEANS	PEACH SHORTCAKE
ROLLS	

Ample meat for four from each can of MOR—12 sandwich-size slices cut the *wide* way, or 8 dinner-size slices for frying, cut the *narrow* way. MOR comes ready to eat.

QUICK AS A WINK,
FOR PICNICS AND
LUNCH BOXES



By the makers of Tender Made Ham

Small Town Barber (continued)



Farmer James Cooper, 40, gets his hair cut every six weeks in Kohl's shop. He works for the nearby Losee dairy farm, says, "It's easy to get a job on a farm these days with the war on, but it's just as easy to find out whether a man is any good or not."



Old friend, Forrest Philips, retired New York Central station agent, drops in to show Kohl a brook trout he just caught near his home. It weighed 1 lb. 12 oz. Kohl likes to go fishing, also collects cactus plants, pipes and old photographs of America.



Youngest customers of Barber Kohl include Edward Thomas Martin, 5, (in chair) and his brother James, 11. When Kohl was still a schoolboy he began to learn how to strop his father's razors, sharpen scissors, do preliminary "lathering and combing."



5¢

ONLY
NATURAL
FLAVORS

Starring in Columbia's "The Lone Wolf in Scotland Yard"

**WARREN
WILLIAM**

Popular
Hollywood
Star



IT'S A **WOW!**
THIS TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL STARTS
A MEAL OFF **RIGHT!**

Try a **WOW**—made
with **FRENCH'S**
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Wow your friends with this delicious new tomato juice drink. Just add to each glassful of plain tomato juice a few grains salt and pepper, a tsp. French's Worcestershire Sauce. Mix and serve cold. Be sure you use French's, for this famous sauce gives a fine, tangy zesty flavor that can't be duplicated. Try it and see!

Top-Notch Quality
at half the price



For "Distinguished" SERVICE!

FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 21ST



Inter Woven Socks



*They
WEAR
Longer*

In Times like these - Length of SERVICE Counts!

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Be Right Over"

LIKE THE DOC'S — EVERY ESSENTIAL
CAR MUST LAST. COME IN...
LET YOUR MOBILGAS DEALER
GIVE YOUR CAR THE CARE IT NEEDS.



How your Mobilgas Dealer helps keep your car on the road... helps make it last!

1. Free Air? Sure — we'll be glad to check your tires once a week!
2. Let us switch tires each 5,000 miles, inspect for cuts and bruises—check wheel alignment, too!
3. Your battery needs our check-up every 2 weeks.
4. Let us change your oil every 1,000 miles—we'll put in clean, tough Mobiloil!

5. Let us Mobilubricate your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6. We'll protect your car's finish, too! Let us wax it every 3 months!

7. Let us flush cooling system twice a year—condition the fresh water to guard against damaging, clogging rust!

8. Let us make sure that gears are protected... we'll check every 1,000 miles.

9. Let us clean your spark plugs every 5,000 miles—help you save gasoline.

10. Let us check your air filter every 2,000 miles—change your oil filter every 8,000 miles.

SOCONY-VACUUM
OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.



GIVE YOUR CAR A "FRESH START"...

YOUR FRIENDLY MOBILGAS DEALER



THESE ARE THE PERSONAL SUPPLIES AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WILL TAKE WITH HIM IF HE IS SENT TO AN AREA WHERE HE MAY ENCOUNTER EITHER A TEMPERATE OR AN ARCTIC CLIMATE

LOGISTICS

IT IS THE SCIENCE OF SUPPLYING AN ARMY

This man is ready to go off to war. He could be any one of three million Americans in the Army. Under the hot suns of Louisiana and Texas, or in the bitter white snows of New England, he has been trained well and made physically hard. He knows how to fire his rifle and to wear his clothes like a soldier. Wherever he may fight—from Fort Benning to Murmansk, from the Tigris to Tahiti—he will do his job well.

But to get this man and the millions like him, with

all their food, equipment and supplies, from Texas and New England to all the faraway places of the world is the hardest part of war. In comparison training or fighting is easy. In the picture above you see merely the equipment with which one man must be supplied. Every item must be purchased, transported and distributed. They must all arrive in the right place at the right time. If this man is multiplied by ten thousand or ten million, whatever the size of the expeditionary

force, the complexity of the supply problem becomes apparent. Furthermore, as numbers of soldiers are increased, certain supplies like airplanes, guns, tanks and trucks, not issued to one man but to groups of men, must be purchased and delivered.

This whole problem of Army movement, supply and housekeeping, accomplished even under enemy fire, is called the science of logistics. To see how the logistics of an expeditionary force is solved, turn the page.



THIS TASK FORCE CONSISTS OF A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY—ABOUT 3,000 MEN, A BATTALION OF 105-MM. HOWITZERS AND A LIGHT-TANK COMPANY. THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT THEIR

THIS IS THE TASK FORCE

On these pages LIFE presents an imaginary movement of an imaginary task force from an imaginary American port to an imaginary foreign island. It has no connection with any actual U. S. military movement ever made or ever planned. It is designed merely to explain the complex science of logistics. Only the hard

work, the sweat and toil of supply are not imaginary.

The drawing represents the combat task force which is to be sent abroad. It is not a division or a regiment or any other specific form of military organization. In modern warfare such specific forms are seldom used intact. Troops sent to Cairo and the desert should obvi-



WAY ASHORE AND TO HOLD ISLAND AGAINST POSSIBLE ENEMY LANDINGS. TO PROTECT THEMSELVES AND EQUIPMENT, THEY HAVE AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT REGIMENT AND COAST DEFENSE GUNS

ously not have the same organizational form, the same number of tanks, planes, infantrymen and anti-aircraft guns as troops sent to the Aleutian Islands. Each task force, as overseas expeditionary groups are now called, must be tailor-made for its specific job.

The task force here is designed to occupy an island

which may or may not be in enemy hands but which is certainly in danger of air attack. Its assignment is to establish and hold a position on the island until service troops can build ports, warehouses and airfields.

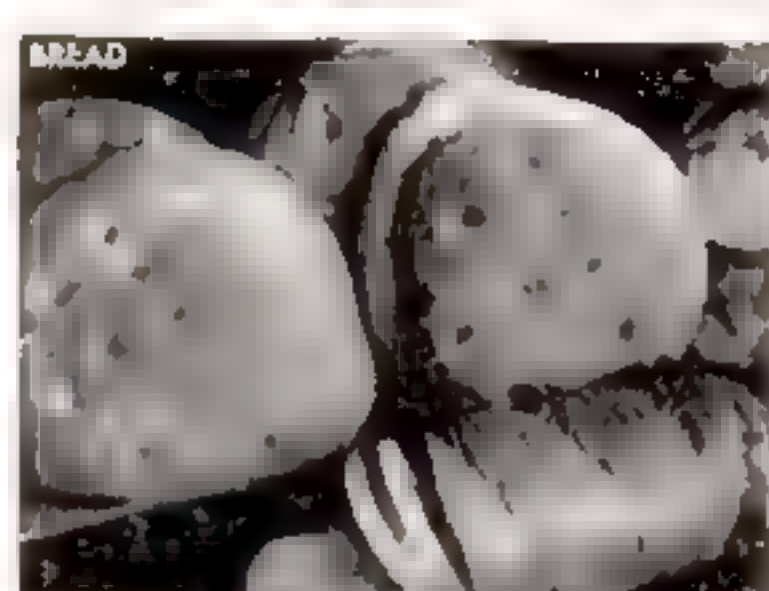
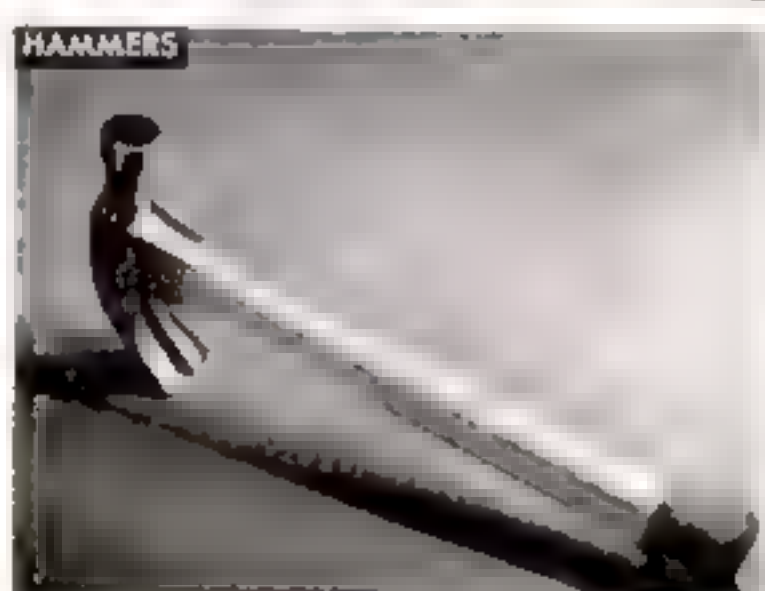
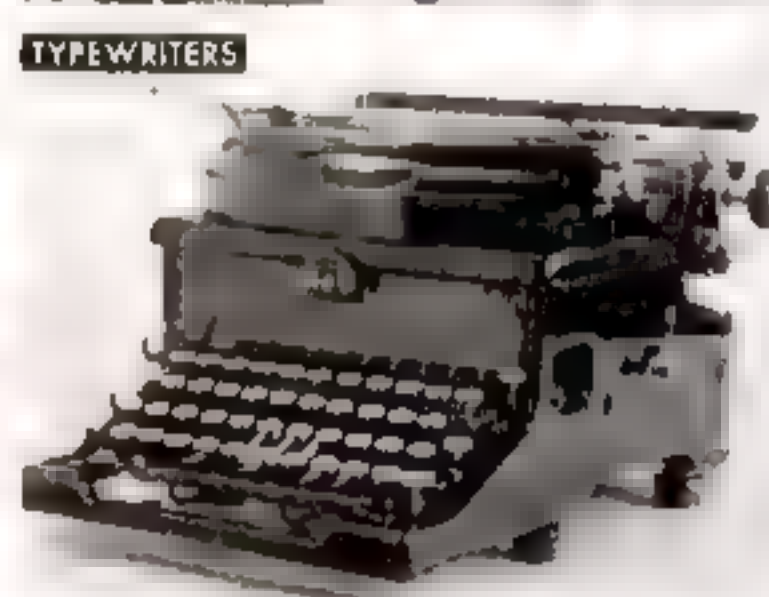
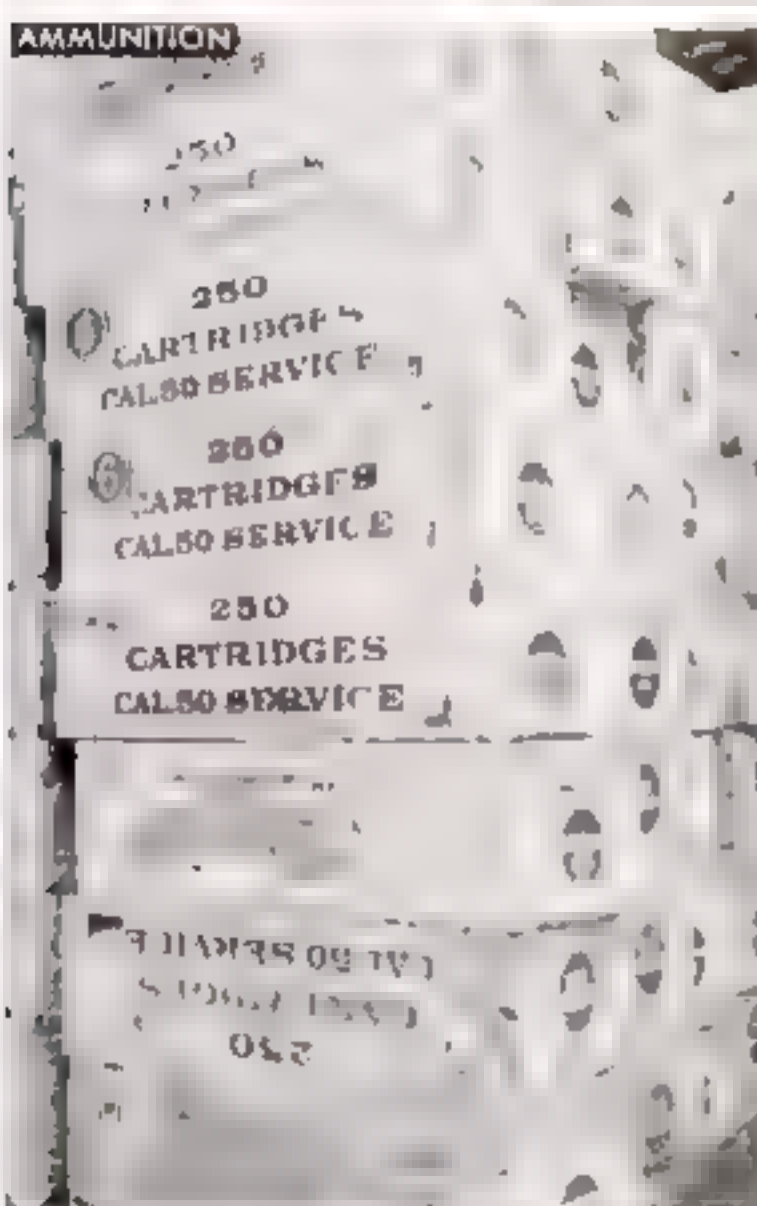
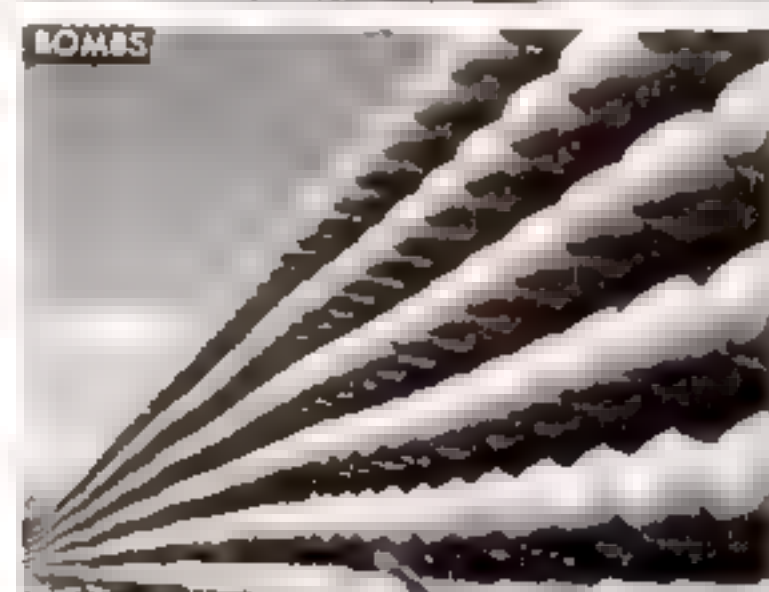
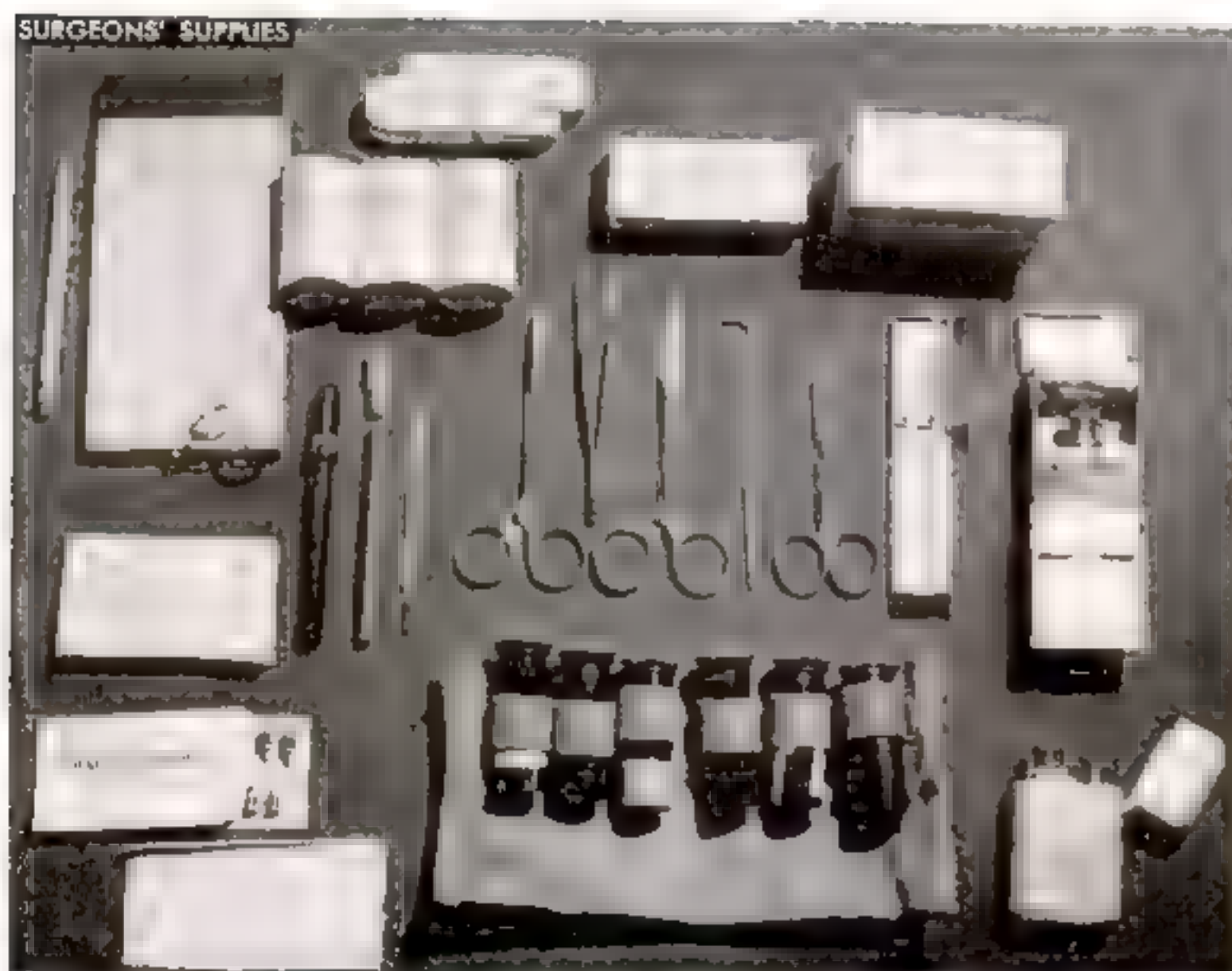
The problem of logistics begins with assembly of such a force. After the decision to occupy the island has been

made by the United Nations' Joint Staffs and after the War Plans division of the U. S. General Staff has decided on an operational plan and determined composition of the task force, G-3 decides what units, from where, will comprise it. Then the problem of getting them and their supplies to port of embarkation begins.

THESE TOO ARE TAKEN

An Army needs tanks, guns, ammunition. It also needs safety pins, hypodermic needles, American flags. In this war, there must be carried as much as five times the equipment shipped per soldier in World War I. Many of these items are bulky and heavy, like tanks and planes. Others are so small they can be stored in the cabs of cargo trucks or between tracks of tanks.

Responsibility for the procurement and transportation of all the thousands of different objects falls on the Army's newly created Services of Supply, headed by Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell. As soon as it is informed of the composition of the task force and where it is going, SOS begins to make its plans for assembling and shipping. Many of the items, of course,



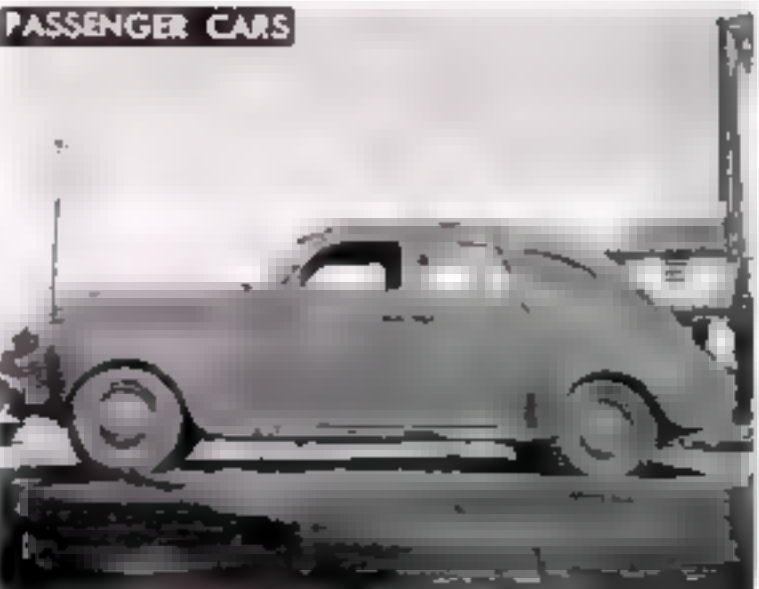
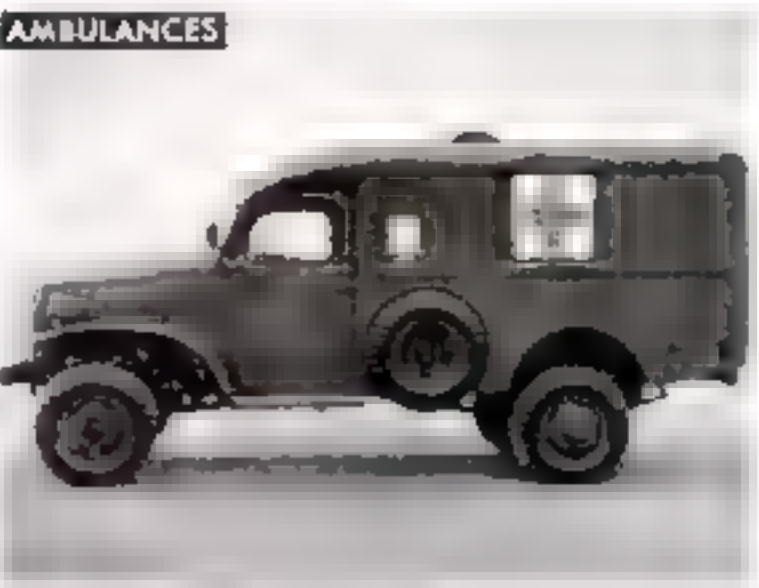
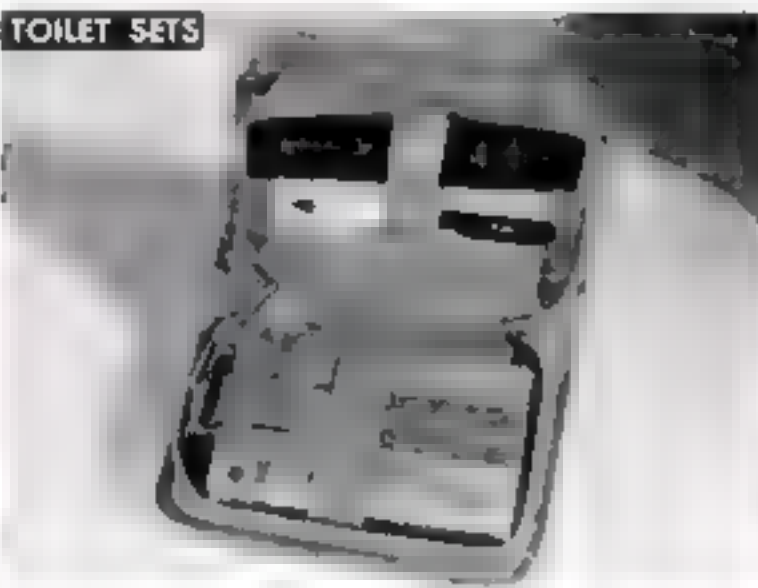
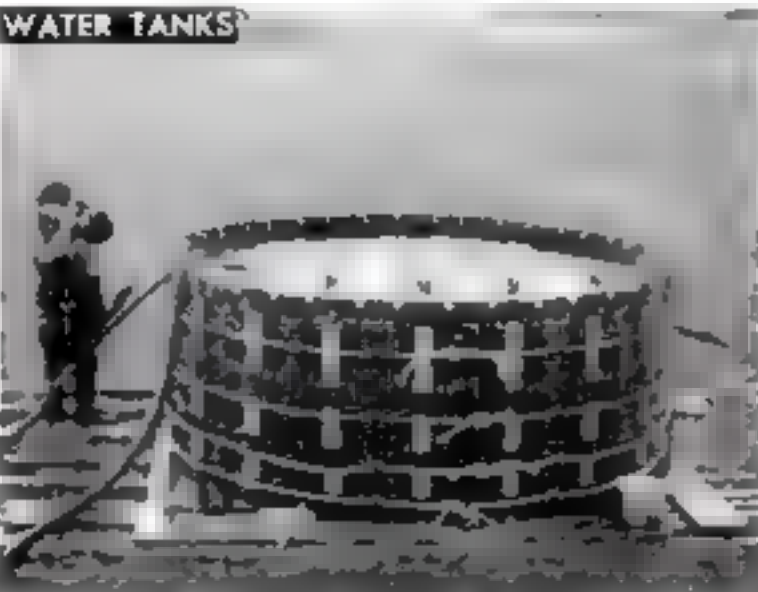
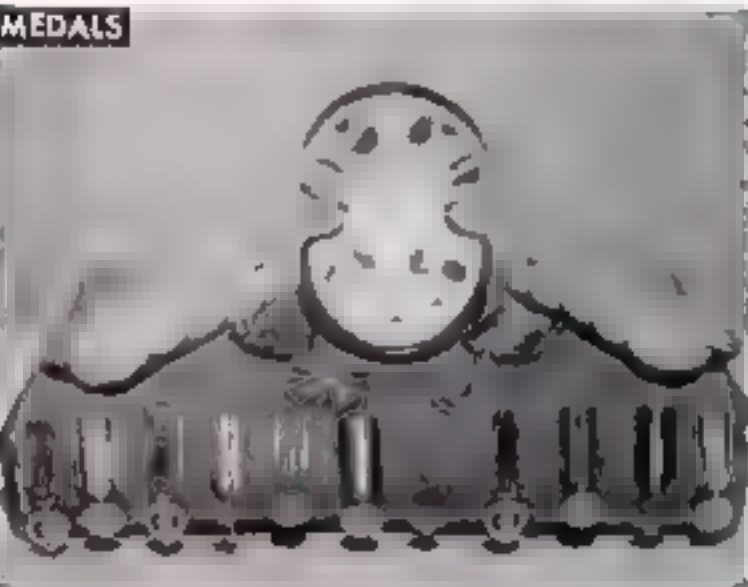
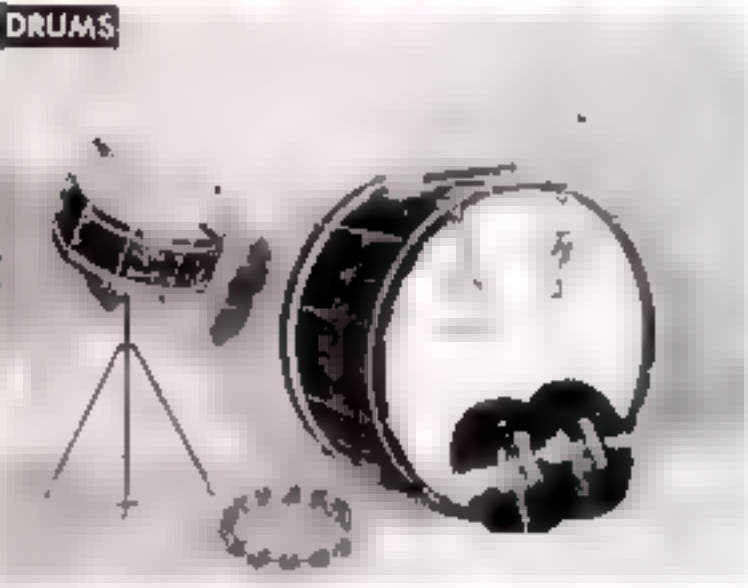
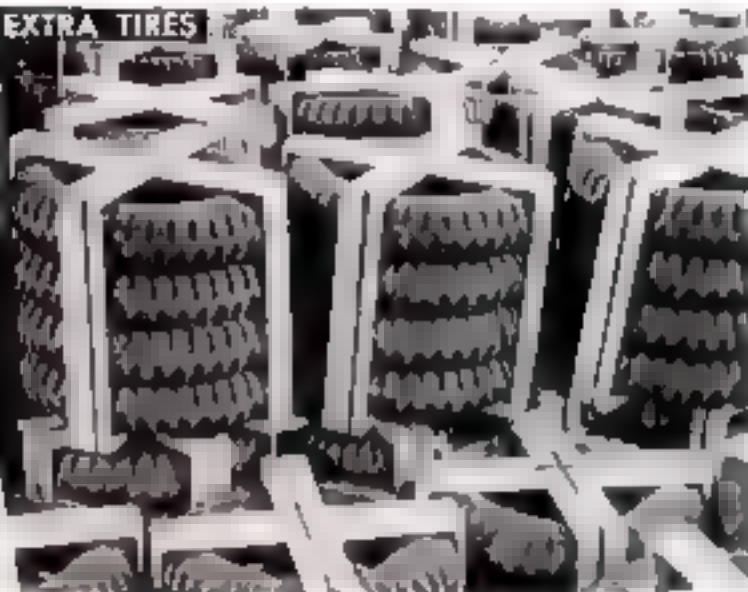
will already have been stored in Quartermaster depots. In that case, all that has to be done is to get them carried by railroad or truck to the port of embarkation. But in other cases, items may have to be secured direct from manufacturers. These manufacturers may be scattered anywhere all over the country.

There are certain obvious basic requirements. There

must be food in the quality and quantity to which U. S. soldiers have become accustomed. There must be ammunition to fire from the guns and bombs to drop from the planes. There must be trucks and spare ordnance parts and gasoline.

But there are other requirements not quite so obvious. Some of them are shown here. Other items would

be hot-water bottles, lemon extract, brandy (for medical corps) thermometers, mobile bakeries and dentist chairs, ether, refrigerators for keeping typhoid serums, cigars, chocolate bars, shoe leather, rubber boots, etc. All these things, and thousands more, must be supplied by SOS. Then, after they are secured, they must somehow be transported to the port of embarkation.





Through night and dawn roll heavy trucks, carrying men and supplies to the embarkation port.



Refrigerator cars unload big cartons of perishable foods into trucks which will carry them through embarkation port to waiting ships.



Off a troop train in the early morning march the soldiers. To conceal themselves, such troop trains usually move into port only at night.

TROOPS AND SUPPLIES MOVE TO THE PORT

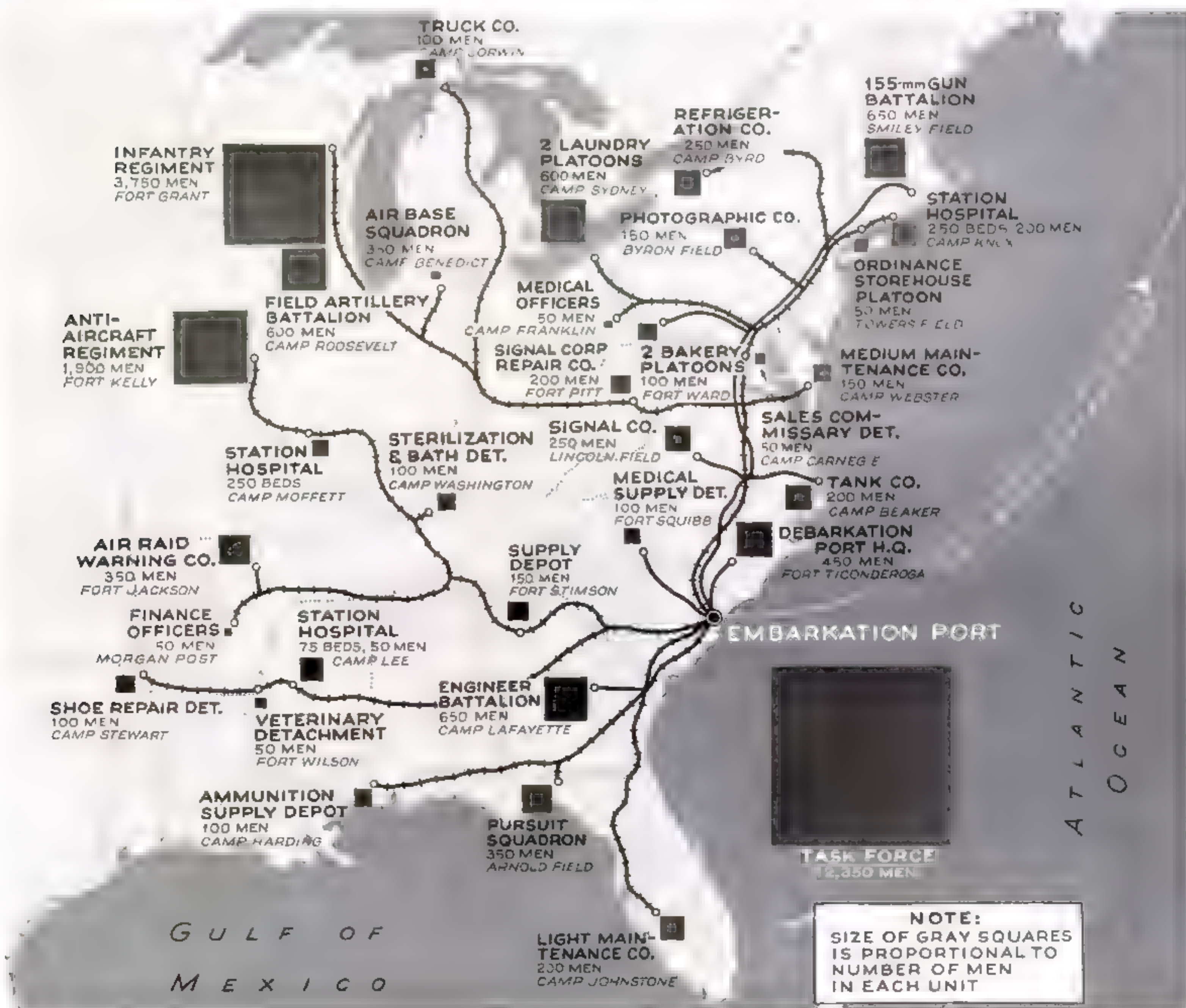
By foot, train and truck men and supplies must now be moved to port of embarkation. Map below shows where all the men come from. A similar map could be prepared showing the origins of all the supplies.

Important in such transportation is the question of timing. Troops must not arrive before the facilities for feeding or housing them are ready. Guns must arrive at approximately the same time as shells. To see that

this is accomplished smoothly and efficiently, SOS calls upon the railroads, trucking companies and State highway commissions for help. The railroads in particular must do a tremendous job. As soon as the SOS Traffic Control learns from War Plans of the movement, it gets in touch with the Association of American Railroads in Washington. The A. A. R. in turn plans the trains, and routes and organizes them on the basis of

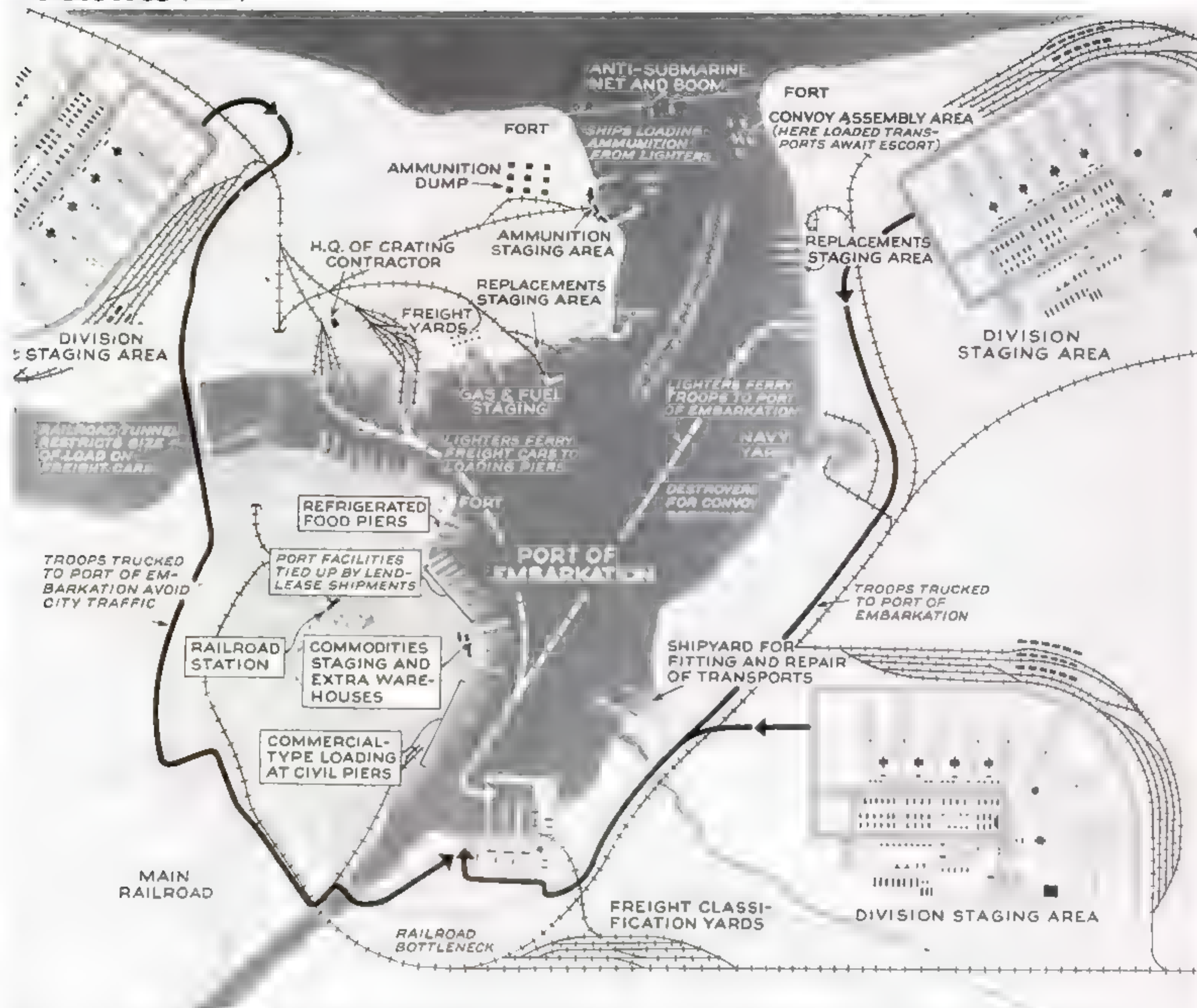
cars available. Its all-important responsibility is to see that everything arrives exactly on time. To make sure, it may even be forced to slow down or stop temporarily all civilian train service.

As soon as all the plans have finally been made, the heavily loaded military trains begin to rumble day after day through great railroad freight yards, like the one at the right, on toward the seashore and the war.



TO AN IMAGINARY EMBARKATION PORT COME SOLDIERS FROM ALL OVER THE U. S. FOR SECURITY REASONS, ARMY CAMPS AND UNIT LOCATIONS SHOWN HERE ARE PURELY FICTIONAL





THE PORT OF EMBARKATION IS WHERE THE TROOPS, SUPPLIES, TRUCKS AND TRAINS SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGES FINALLY ARRIVE. FROM HERE SHIPS TAKE THEM ALL TO SEA

THIS IS A GREAT PORT OF EMBARKATION

The imaginary Port of Embarkation, as shown in the map above, is not merely the Army docks and loading platforms, but a vast area covering as much as 50 miles in every direction. It is a place where men and supplies are prepared for overseas shipment. In addition to a good harbor, its requirements are plenty of railroad trackage and yards where supply trains may be received, plenty of big warehouses where goods may be temporarily stored, plenty of piers and docks for loading, and plenty of "troop staging areas" where troops may be barracked. During that time they receive final physical exams, have their equipment inspected for shortages, and are issued special supplies. Like the training camps from which they have come, the areas in which they live are complete with mess halls, chapels, laundries and moving picture theaters. Only great maneuver areas are missing. By the time they arrive the troops are supposed to be thoroughly trained.

By studying the map you will notice other problems. Some airplanes and trucks arrive uncrated. They must be crated for shipment by the crating contractor. Be-

cause enemy submarines are known to be lurking outside, a net must be kept stretched across the harbor entrance. Because the harbor is shallow, plans must be made to have the ships loaded and ready to move only at high tide. Tugboats and lighters must be kept available to help in the loading operations and enough stevedores must be at hand to get the job done fast.

The drawing at the right shows the actual loading of the ships. Into the protected basin have come transports, freighters and landing barge carriers. In the foreground in the vast motor park are assembled Army trucks, brought in by rail whenever practicable, to save rubber and gas. Because they do not easily fit in the warehouses or on the docks they are being loaded by lighters into the freighters. At the next dock the perishable goods shown arriving on the last page are being loaded from covered piers.

Troops may be loaded onto any of these ships but the planes, tanks and landing barges, shown loading in the background, ought ideally to be placed only aboard ships designed for them. Notice they are loaded near

where the railroad trains, which transported them, are stopped. The high wall in far background is to prevent too-curious people from seeing what is going on.

The main kind of loading being done here is called "combat loading." Its primary purpose is to have all supplies ready for a fight on arrival. Because the heavy stuff like tanks and artillery must therefore be put on top, on deck even, the ship is sometimes unable to carry a full load. Combat loading, while often necessary, may be wasteful of space.

Three other forms of loading are more commonly used for U. S. sea convoys. One is "unit loading," in which all the equipment and men of a unit get aboard the same ship. This is done so that the guns, for instance, will not be on another ship separated from troops when needed. Other loading methods are "convoy loading," in which one convoy holds all the task force equipment, permitting the loading of ships in a way which fills them almost completely, and the most efficient method of all, "commercial loading," where even the spaces between the deck beams can be filled.



HIGHWAY

CARGO SHIPS

STORAGE

FREIGHT
ELEVATOR
SHAFTS

STORAGE

PLATFORMS
TO RECEIVE
CRANE LOADS

TRAVELLING
CRANE

TRUCKS DRIVE
ONTO LIGHTERS

COAST GUARD
PATROL BOAT

OUR FORCES LAND SAFELY

For the actual convoy and landing operations the Navy has joined the Army. Across the long, lonely stretches of ocean, destroyers, cruisers, battleships and carriers have kept troops and supplies safe from enemy ships, planes and submarines. At last the Island has been reached and the occupation begun. But everything has not been peaches and cream. Before our airfields could be built, our fighting planes launched into the air, our anti-aircraft guns completely emplaced, enemy bombers have come over, bombed the landing operations. Although they have now been driven off, several of our ships have been smashed and sunk.

At the moment, however, everything is proceeding quietly. Originally the port was nothing but a little fishing village. Already the engineers and quartermasters are building piers, getting water, strengthening bridges, building huts for winter quarters. The few permanent houses of the town have been taken over for hospitals, headquarters, post offices. More troops and planes are being landed every minute. From a transport new troops swarm down landing nets, while on the shore up a river gulley other troops are already training under new conditions, so that if the enemy does attack, they will be well prepared to resist.

At such moments as this, there is tough work for everyone on the task force. And everything must have been well planned in advance. If just any one thing had been forgotten, the entire force might now be in jeopardy. If the submarine net had been forgotten, for instance, our ships might be at the mercy of enemy subs. If the engineers had not brought enough lumber, they would not now be able to build the extra dock which is going to be necessary for unloading rush cargoes. Or if somebody had forgotten the nails, the lumber could not be put together. Even worse, suppose somebody had made the mistake of sending aviation gasoline with a power rating too low for the planes used.

To see that such a scene as this one, with all its beautiful timing and co-ordinated activity, is possible, is the complicated business of the science of logistics.



LANDING BARGES PICK UP TROOPS FROM A TRANSPORT





37mm ANTI-AIRCRAFT
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AIR FIELD

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MACHINE GUN NESTS

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DESTROYER TENDER
AND DESTROYERS

PATROL
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TROOP
TRANSPORTS

BATTLESHIP

AIRPLANE
TENDER

BOMBED
SUPPLY SHIP

SUPPLY SHIP

ANTI-AIRCRAFT
BATTERY

MOTOR
TORPEDO BOAT
BASE

BOMBED
SUPPLY
DUMP

BURMA MISSION: PART II

JAPS BOMB STILWELL HEADQUARTERS, BRITISH PLAN THEIR SLOW RETREAT AND "VENI, VIDI, EVACUI"

by CLARE BOOTHE

Maymyo, Wednesday April 8

I was in my room writing in my journal when the thin frail note of a siren cut across the cool perfumed air. I began to gather up my papers and put the lid on my typewriter when General "Long Tom" Hearn's massive figure appeared in the door. "We go out to the slit trenches in the compound," he said almost apologetically. "How much time have we?" "I don't know," he said. "We've had several alarms. We've never really had a raid. But don't fiddle," he added, as I sat down to load my camera. Then he lumbered leisurely off down the stairs.

The mission servants were already huddled in their trenches when, in twos and threes, the American officers began to gather in the little woods where the slit trenches are. They were all there except General Stilwell and Lieutenant Young who had gone off again to see the Gissimo. They had tommy guns, pistols, cameras and helmets. After ten minutes or so passed, they began to play and pose with the guns, snapping pictures of one another. Then they took off the heavy helmets and lit cigars, and sprawled on the woody ground, laughing and joking. And everybody kept saying to everybody else: "We've had several alarms but we've never really had a raid." "What are the odds we'll have one today?" I asked Colonel Roberts, who had been sitting silently on the edge of his trench.

He paused as a truck went by in the distance, lifting his head swiftly to define the motor sound. "A real raid? A hundred to one—*oh*," he said emphatically. "Why? Because the Japs have Burma honeycombed with spies. By this time they must know the two most important military objectives in the Far East are in Maymyo." "American and British headquarters?" He laughed derisively. "The Gissimo and Madame Chiang. Knock *them* out and 'Chinese resistance' becomes—unpredictable."

Now he kept his face turned to the sky. He was straining, straining his ears. Then he said: "You'll have to forgive me. I'm nervous. I don't like being bombed or shelled. Had quite a lot of it in Hankow and Nanking. And on the *Panay*."

He nodded toward a group of laughing officers who were taking pictures of one another, pointing tommy guns at the sky, in fierce attitudes. "Look at them now," he said, "then see how they behave when it's over. It will be quite interesting for you." I nodded toward Long Tom who was sitting against a tree, thoughtfully sucking his pipe. The colonel said: "He'll let his

Clare Boothe began her career as a LIFE war correspondent in May 1940 when she saw the first Nazi bombs fall on Brussels. Her LIFE articles on France and England were expanded and published in book form as *Europe in the Spring*. In 1941, Correspondent Boothe covered a Japanese bombing of Chungking, met Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, inspected the Yellow River Front. Later she returned to the Philippines and wrote the LIFE Close-up of General Douglas MacArthur that appeared the week the Japanese attacked Manila. Last February, Miss Boothe flew to Cairo and on to India and Burma. Since her return to the U. S., Burma has fallen to the Japs and General Stilwell, after taking "a hell of a beating," has retreated to India. Last week LIFE published the first of two articles by Miss Boothe on U. S. forces in the Burma campaign. In it she told of her arrival at Maymyo headquarters, her trip to bombed-out Mandalay and her talks with General Stilwell. Her second article, based on further excerpts from her diary, follows.

pipe go out. Otherwise he won't change." And then, quite suddenly, he rose and said, "Down in. They're coming."

Then we all heard it, the unmistakable *thrum, thrum, thrum* of many engines. For a moment everybody froze in the position in which the sudden awareness had caught him. General Hearn knocked out his pipe on the sole of his enormous foot, and slowly rose and ambled into his trench. One by one the officers disap-

peared below ground. A young major suddenly appeared, leaning into my slit trench. He thrust his helmet toward me and said, very gallantly and a little breathlessly, "Here, put this on your head!" I said "Thank you," and took it, and put it on the ground, and sat on it, next to Frank Roberts. I knew that the helmet was only good for that. A direct hit, and it was no use. Otherwise the sides of the trenches should protect us.

The *thrum, thrum, thrum* was growing very loud. There were plenty of them. Frank Roberts began to swear suddenly. "We're damned fools. We never learn except by experience, and until it's too late." "What's the matter?" "Look at those trucks and jeeps parked thick all around the headquarters, and Dr. Seagrave's ambulance! We should have dispersed them. Well, tomorrow we will. And tomorrow we won't feel like bloody fools about bringing our kits and typewriters and briefcases. If there *is* a tomorrow."

He pointed to a blue patch of sky between the trees. Like little white birds against the brilliant blue sky, flying in perfect formation, high up, were the Jap bombers. "There! There! 8, 12, 16, 20, 28 of them. They're right overhead now. Here it comes!"

There was a long, long whine like the whistle of an onrushing train in an interminable tunnel. I closed my eyes and dug my chin into my breast, hunching my shoulders about my ears, as shuddering blast after blast tore the earth and air and woods all about us. And then the *thrum, thrum, thrum* faded and there was an awful silence.

* * *

My insides had not stopped quivering, but my hands had, when we came out of the trench on the all-clear. The colonel was right. The officers who had had their first baptism by bomb were quite different men now. They were smiling, yes. They kidded a bit, yes. But they were not really gay any more and, as you looked from one face to another, you saw that they knew at last that they lived in a world where men were mortal. Until you've heard

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Before bombing of Maymyo, Captain Fullerton, Colonels Roberts and Dorn laugh at themselves posing with tommy guns in the green and pleasant glade outside General Stilwell's headquarters.



"Thrum, thrum" of approaching Jap bombers sends Americans into trenches and shelters. Notice parked trucks that Colonel Roberts said should have been dispersed under cover before bombing.



33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

BURMA MISSION (continued)

death scream in shell or bomb through the insensible air, impersonally seeking you out personally, you never quite believe that you are mortal. As we walked back through the woods to the untouched headquarters, one of the officers said with a sudden wondering humility, "Think of the English people taking that hour after hour—night after night—for a whole year."

I saw the young major who had given me his helmet, and as I handed it back to him he said suddenly, "Listen: I'll feel better if I tell you this: you know what I thought when I heard that first bomb scream? Well—," he blushed, "I thought . . . why the hell did I give her my helmet?" I said, "It took courage for you to admit that." And he said, "Well, sure. But look, the point is they may come back." He held out his helmet. "So please keep it." He took a deep breath and then he smiled.

* * *

Across the street from the gate, several small houses were in flames. A 500-lb. bomb had landed in the road leading from headquarters. It had made a crater 30 ft. deep and 50 ft. across. This had caved in a roofed-over shelter with three people in it. Doctor Williams was already there. Some of the officers went back to headquarters and got picks and shovels, and 20 minutes later they had dug out two of the three occupants. They were Burmese natives. The third occupant popped out, uninjured, as soon as the others were freed. She was a young Englishwoman in a simple gingham dress. She was smiling and, as she refused Dr. Williams' helping hand, she said coolly, "Oh, I'm quite all right, quite all right! Don't bother a second about me." And she started to walk off down the road, chin up, unflinching. A little boy of 4 came running to meet her, his arms outstretched. He screamed "Mam-ma!" and she suddenly burst into a loud happy sob. Then her knees buckled and she fainted dead away. Somebody carried her off.

Now the roads were full of stampeding horses and cattle and natives carrying bundles, suitcases. As we passed down the street, everywhere coming out of the flimsy houses, with their windows shattered, porches and roofs stove-in from the bombs that had fallen near or on them, we saw the little people of Maymvo, loading their bullock carts, gharries, bicycles, for the long exodus. George Rodger, the LIFE photographer, came along in his jeep. Half the town, he said, was already "on the march to India." There wasn't "much damage" done—not, anyway, compared to Mandalay—only about 80 casualties, a hit on the hospital, and on a trench with a lot of children in it. The soldiers and fire force and Red Cross had everything well in hand. "Pattern bombing," Colonel Roberts said. "They were plastering the residential section, hoping to get the Gismo." Rodger said, "And?" Roberts shook his head. "I checked that the first five minutes. Nearest bomb to Uncle Joe and the Gismo was 50 yards."

We went back to the mission because somebody said it was lunch time. I had a luncheon engagement with General Sir Harold Alexander, but in the excitement I quite forgot about it. I went up to my room to change my slacks which were covered with the mud from the slit trench. That was the first time I realized how I had burrowed animal-like against the trench's muddy side. The window panes were in small pieces. The one electric-light bracket had fallen off the wall and the pictures of the Alps were tipped crazily. Everything was covered with bits of plaster.

* * *

The servants have all gone. Only the cook and the white mission caretaker have stayed. The officers went into the kitchen themselves and got the food, and the lieutenants and captains served the majors and the colonels. Roberts said, "This, gentlemen, will be our last formal luncheon in headquarters. Tomorrow we'll take picnic lunches to the woods."

I was right in the middle of lunch when General Alexander's aide, a smart, smiling, tall young man, arrived to take me to "Flag House." I was very embarrassed. I said, which was true, that the telephones had gone out of order and, besides, I had assumed that bombings canceled invitations—particularly when headquarters are the target. The A. D. C. said pleasantly, "Oh, not at all. Not unless the target is definitely achieved."

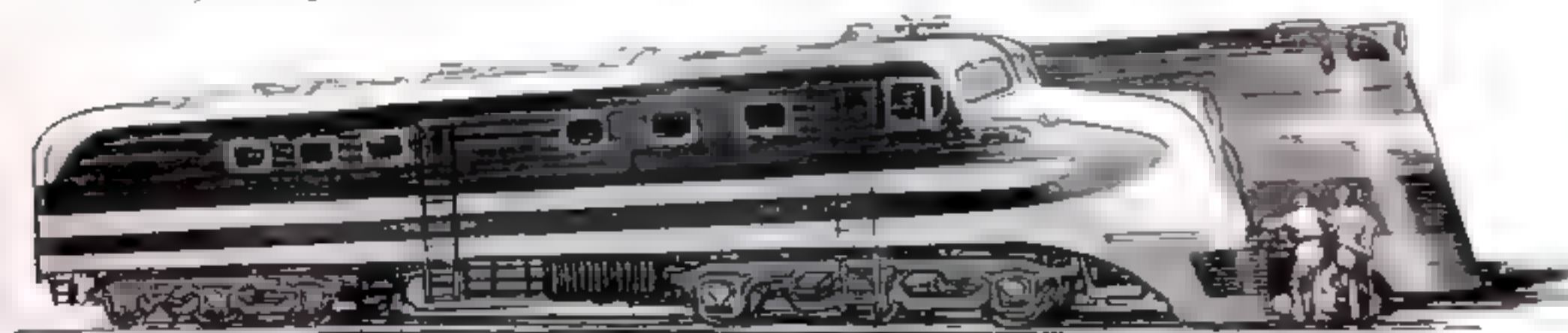
General Alexander's house is farther out of town than the U. S. mission. It is set on top of a grassy knoll in a lovely garden full of larkspur and roses. Either because of its remoteness or the fact, as it later developed, that General Alexander had refused even to go into his slit trench, the servants had not left. A handsomely-turbaned Indian "bearer" met me at the door. General Sir Harold Alex-

AMERICAN NOTES by Raymond Gram Swing

Report from a national arsenal of mobile power



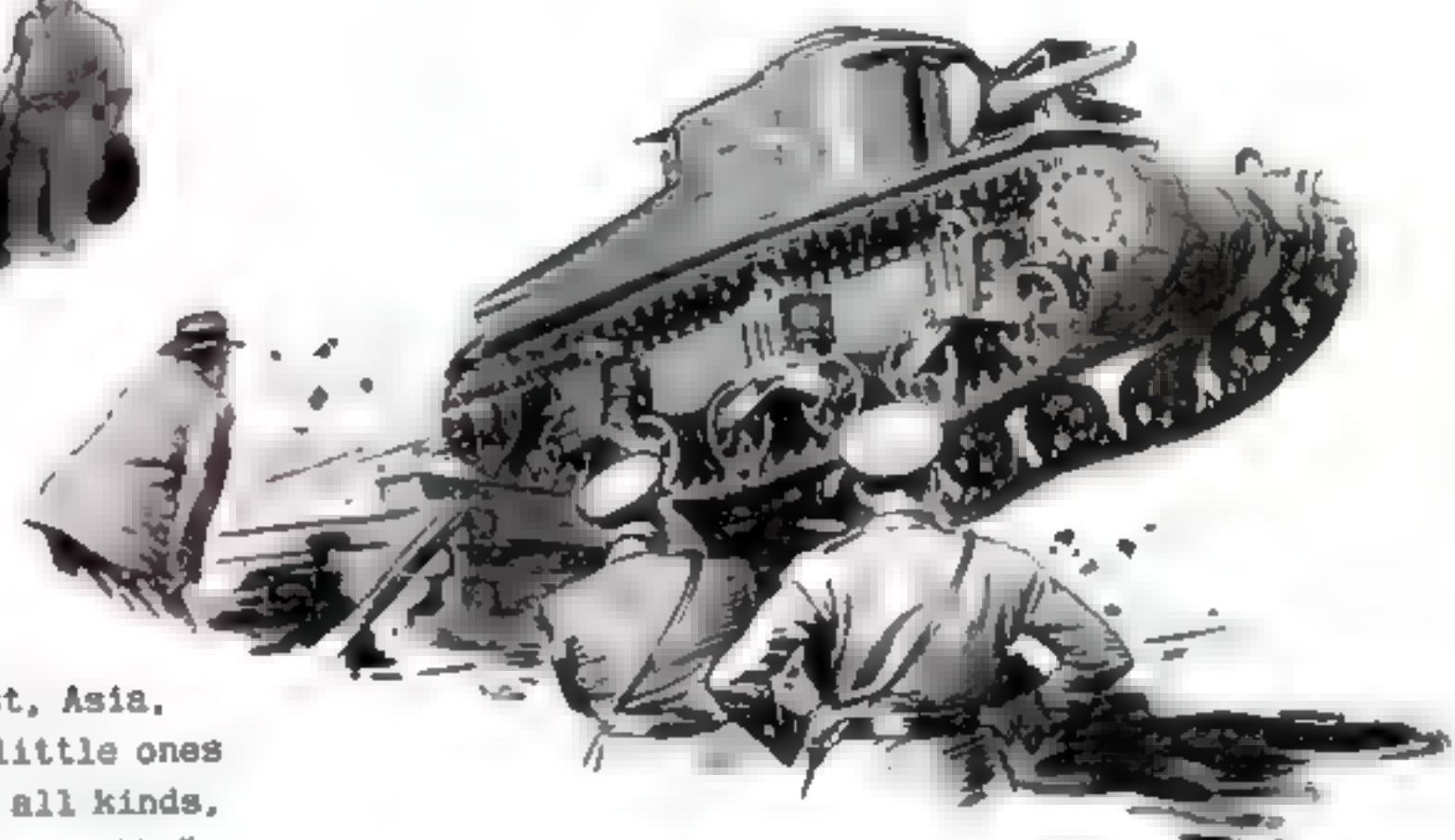
SEA-GOING LOCOMOTIVES... "Where to?" I asked the dock foreman. "Far East, Asia, Mountains; war orders. We practically built of these little ones during the noon hour! Don't look so surprised. We build locomotives of all kinds, all sizes, and by the hundreds...been at it a hundred years, know how to do it."



IN THE ASSEMBLY YARDS... "Which is which?" I asked the super. "Don't blame you for not knowing," was the answer. "Both streamlined to the ears! Near one is Diesel-Liner, other is Steam-Liner." Each is an ultra-modern power source, speeding record-making, wartime traffic over U. S. rails.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP... "What's that?" I asked. "Roller-bearing for a battle-ship turret, machined as fine as a watch part," was the answer. No wonder our American warships have an edge. Equipment like this means everything in active service.



ON THE PROVING GROUND... Tanks, lots of tanks, wheeling and jumping like cavalry! Believe me, special skills and 100 years of engineering experience are worth plenty...these days! And when they told me how many, I felt good. I felt very good.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

MANUFACTURERS OF MOBILE POWER

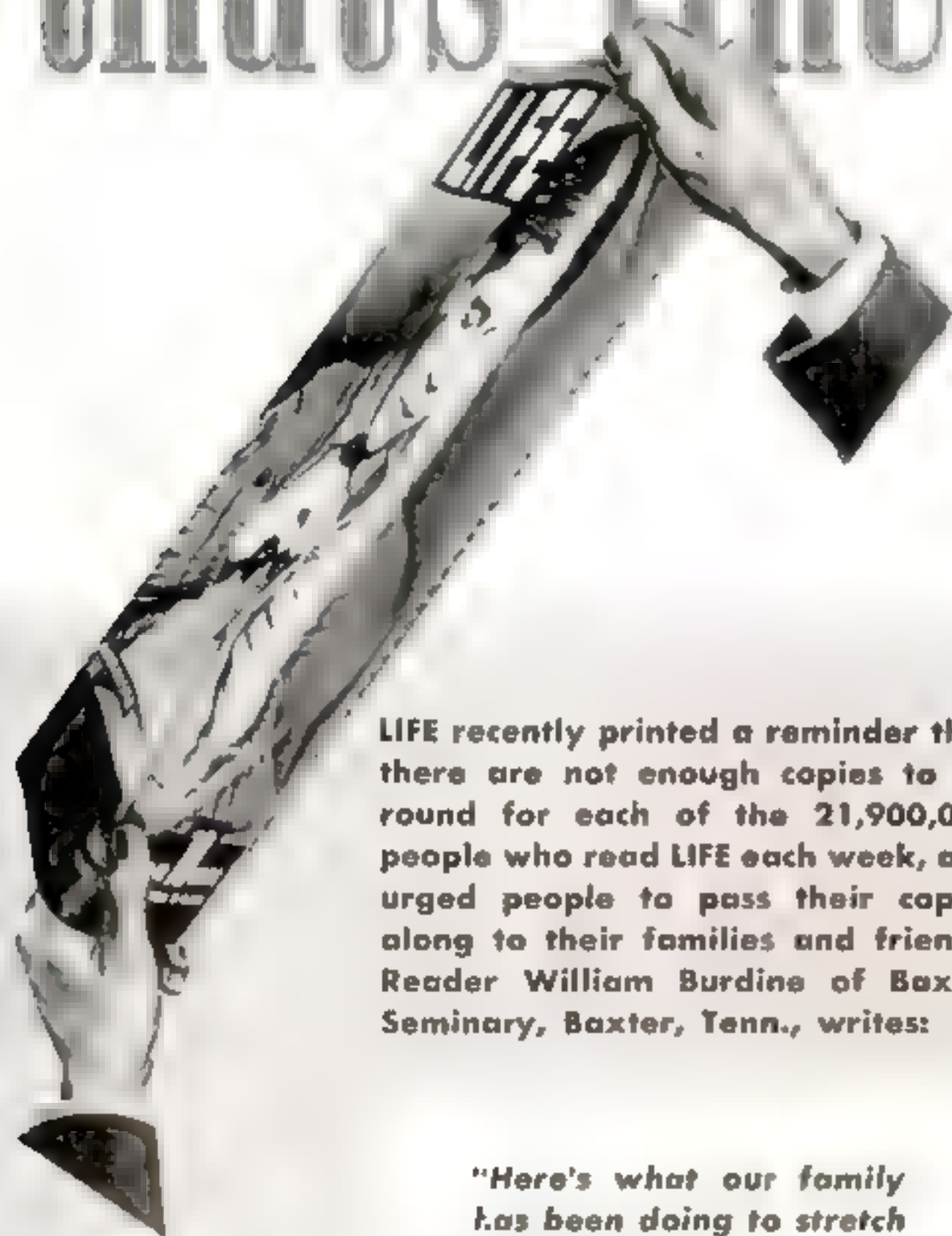
STEAM, DIESEL AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

MARINE DIESELS, TANKS,

GUN CARRIAGES AND OTHER ORDNANCE

Sorry we can't be more explicit. Revelation of details might be of aid to the enemy...endanger American lives.

YES, MR. BURDINE,
that's fine!



LIFE recently printed a reminder that there are not enough copies to go round for each of the 21,900,000 people who read LIFE each week, and urged people to pass their copies along to their families and friends. Reader William Burdine of Baxter Seminary, Baxter, Tenn., writes:

"Here's what our family has been doing to stretch LIFE. Long before we subscribed, we bought LIFE on the newsstands. I have been in Baxter Seminary for nearly four years. Three families at home read it, then my parents send it to me each week. I read it (after I lock my door), then I hand it to a pal. I couldn't state how many hands it gets into among the 300 students here before it gets back (if ever) to me.

"Is that stretching it enough to meet your expectations?"

LIFE

Yes, Mr. Burdine, that's fine. And please remember, too, that a magazine turned in as waste paper can live again.



"Long Tom" Hearn steadily finishes his pipe waiting for bombers, while Colonel Benjamin G. Ferris works on a map of Burma. Bombing did not faze either of these veterans.

BURMA MISSION (continued)

ander and a brigadier were on the terrace. General Alexander was a small, handsome, vigorous and charming man. He wore the pale robin's-egg-blue flannel bush jacket that many Indian officers wear. It brought out the steely color of his clear English eyes. The brigadier was tall, correct and stalwart, though he had a small mustache which he constantly but cautiously stroked, as though it were a feline pet which might suddenly strike back at him. They were drinking pink gins (gin with lime and maraschino). "Everything all right your way?" the General asked in his lovely British voice. "Oh, yes." We do not again refer to the bombing of Maymyo.

The table was set with real silver and a well-arranged bowl of flowers. The food was much better than at the mission, and so was the conversation. We talked of many things before we came to talk of the Battle of Burma—the evacuation of Dunkirk, in which Alexander had played a gallant part; the Battle of Britain and the blitz in London, which he had lived through daily; the Libyan front, about which he felt most confident; and the Russian front about which he was wholly sanguine. It almost seemed rudely irrelevant to mention Burma. But finally it came up inescapably in the course of conversation. General Alexander did not beat about the bush for a single second.

"We will hold Burma as long as we can," he said quietly. "I am utterly determined we will not retreat one step faster than necessary. Guts and determination are what are going to win this war. We can and we will fight as hard a delaying action in Burma as your MacArthur fought in the Philippines. What MacArthur did, we can do, though our circumstances are a great deal more difficult."

Then he sketched quickly, vividly, convincingly some of those circumstances: troops, hardly more than 7,000, who had been in the line three and a half months unrelieved, with no air protection at all—the A. V. G., under Chinese operational command, were naturally protecting the Chinese front; the almost total lack of supplies, since it was impossible to send them from India, and what there were on hand had to be shared with the Chinese in the Sittang Valley. (He said 100 American transport planes would entirely change his supply problem.) The British forces were mechanized and therefore had to travel down the one and only main highway that traverses the Irrawaddy, where they were constantly subjected to Jap strafing from the air, and being waylaid and ambushed by Jap units on foot that percolated and infiltrated along the jungle roads, laying obstructions which trapped tanks, trucks, all vehicles chained by their own treads and wheels to the open highway. The 100 tanks we brought to Burma have been almost useless here. "I'm getting my units into native transportation as rapidly as possible," he said, "bullock carts, gharries, on foot, elephants, if we can get them—that's the way we'll have to fight the Jap in the jungle. That was the lesson we learned in Malaysia. And we're arming the Chin mountaineers, too, for guerrilla warfare. They've always hated the Burmese—they'll go after the Burmese wherever he's fighting with the Japs. The Japs are nearing the oil fields now, but we're fully prepared to destroy the fields, blow up the installations, scorch the earth behind us."

I asked him: "But if the Japs reach Mandalay and Lashio, where they'll control all the airports left in north Burma—Shewbo, Bhamo, Myitkyina, Loiwing—then what?" General Alexander said, "Then

British forces will retire into the Chindwin Valley, re-form along the Indian frontier and wage a guerrilla war in the mountains."

"That really means that Burma would be gone. Aid to China would become immeasurably difficult. A great air effort would have to be made out of India, a naval effort in the Bay of Bengal to dislodge the Japs. Well, how are we then going to lick the Japs in this part of the world?"

He said, "You always forget, people who are not militarists always forget, that Japs have their troubles, too. Their lines are very overextended. Right? We are falling back on a fairly strong arsenal, India. Right? The Japs have suffered a great loss in planes. Their capacity to replace cannot match ours. Right? The monsoon season is coming on. It will be difficult for them to operate."

I said, "But they do keep coming on in spite of overextended lines. And if the monsoon makes it hard for them to get at us, it will make it hard for us to get at them—if, by the time the season begins, they are already in control of Burma. And whatever their loss in planes, we haven't, apparently, enough now to take back Burma with what they can still put in against us for a long time."

Now General Alexander looked at me with his keen, honest blue eyes blazing faintly, and he said evenly: "It is important to hold here as long as possible because it gives India a chance to prepare. It is more important to hold India, even, than Burma. But, after all, what happens out here is only secondarily important. What is really vital is what happens in Europe. We have only so much airpower and manpower now, today, and we've got to beat the Hun first. He's the real enemy. Never forget that. But when the Hun is licked, Japan—however far she has spread through the Pacific or in Asia, even if she takes India—can never hold her gains. When Germany is crushed, America can then turn loose everything she has in the Pacific on Japan. And we can send everything we have from the Near East. Russia will then be free to attack from Siberia. And all the little Jap's gains will be quickly disgorged. This is a certainty."

I thought: "Where a soldier's heart is, there is his battlefield. Also," Alexander's heart, bitter with the vengeance he had brought off Dunkirk, lay not in the Burmese jungle fronts of Empire but on the White Cliffs of Dover.

I played the devil's advocate. I suggested that perhaps the Chinese might have a different point of view about the relative importance of the Asiatic and European theaters of war and that, with Burma closed, they might, either in a wave of despair or because of Japanese military pressure on all their fronts, cease further resistance. "That," General Alexander said, "would certainly be a tragedy for them if it could not be avoided, but a grave error of judgment if it could. For in the end we must win—when the Germans are beaten—and our Chinese allies will sit more happily and profitably at the peace table—if they do go on resisting."

I left Flag House in a very mixed state of emotions. It seemed more certain than ever Burma was finished. Every word Alexander had said was a dreary nail in its coffin. And yet—and yet—if he were right, if he were truly right, that the loss of this front which in a war of unlimited demands and only limited men and material was inevitably secondary, this was no matter for despair; then why feel so despairing? Is it because the stink of Mandalay, entering my civilized nostrils, has permeated every cell of my mind, clouding it with false intimations of inevitable disaster, corrupting, in short, my untired American valiance?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Bomb shelter caves in under Jap bombing, burying two Burmese and a white woman. Here Dr. Williams helps out a shaken Burmese while Captain Eldridge takes picture.

"Confidentially he —
Who?..the Man or the Goat?"



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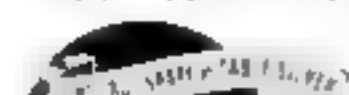
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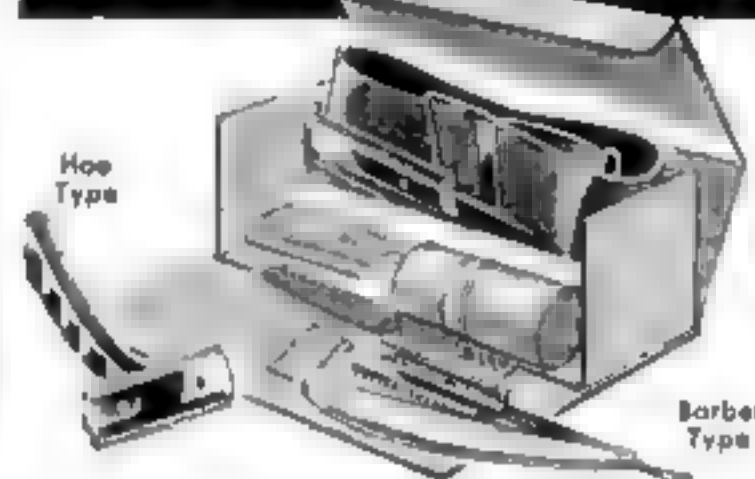
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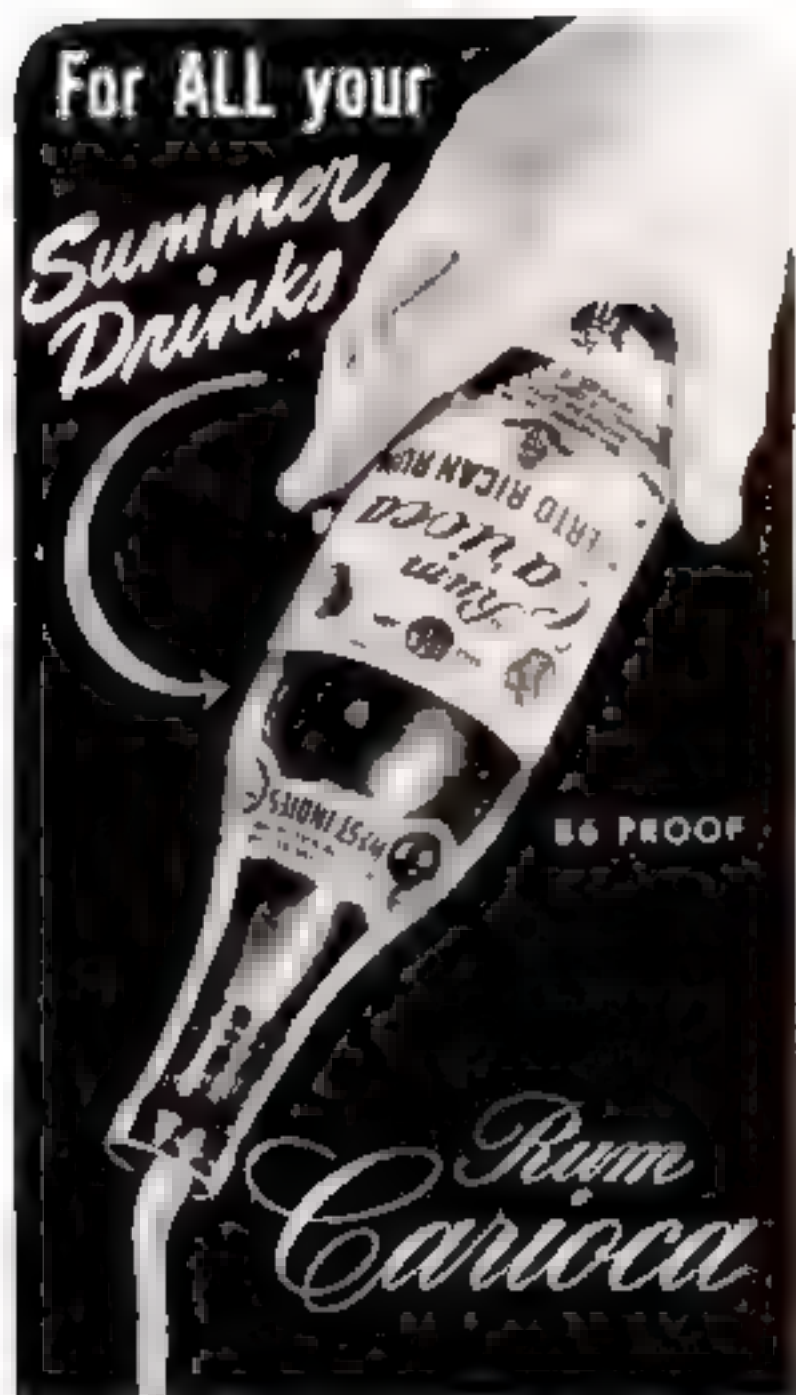
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The **OLD MEXICO SHOP**
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



Photographer Rodger was behind his jeep's windshield when the last bullet of the battle of Shwegyin hit and shattered the glass. In thick of fighting, he never saw a Jap.

BURMA MISSION (continued)

When I returned to headquarters the officers had finished dinner. Headquarters was having an involuntary blackout. A bomb had put the local powerhouse out of commission. It had been a lean and meatless meal by candlelight. Tonight not even boiled strawberries. The quartermaster had gone to the market place an hour or two after the bombing. But even by that time "everything was gone," except several bushels of enormous cabbages which he had bought up instantly. "From here out something tells me we're going to have cabbage three times a day, and very little else," somebody said. "Too bad we can't slaughter some meat, against the bad days. But there's no refrigeration."

We sat in the living room in a great circle and then somebody went to the piano and began to thrum its yellow, dented, tuneless keys. And presently they were all singing in the candle light. "Iss-sa longa, longa tray—all a-wind-ang into tha lan dwe mi dreems . . ." "My barn-nie lize zova tha O-shun . . . Oh, bring . . . go back my barn-nie to mee . . ."—all the old dear songs that kids in school, boys in college and men in camps have sung since this brave new 20th Century dawned on the backward Victorian Era. They sang warmly with lusty, uninhibited voices. And finally they assembled that ancient, classical male quartet which rendered with full feeling—"Sweet-dad-sline—my adda-line . . . inawe muu dreems—yaw fairfaze beams—yaur tha' Ah-wer ohmii art . . ."

Thursday, April 9

This morning when the alert sounded, everything was organized quite differently. Cars and trucks were promptly lined up in the mission driveway. The officers piled in with their briefcases and papers, typewriters and essential duffels. The servants who have remained after yesterday were put in a separate truck under a Chinese sergeant. Our caravan drove into the nearby woods where it parked in the dense shrubbery. The all-clear did not come for two hours.

The choice for the rendezvous of our caravan had been well made strategically. But it turned out it was something less than a happy place to be. The night before, the natives had dumped several horses killed in yesterday's bombings, near at hand. They were very ripe already. So several of the officers and I walked up to the top of the hill. It commanded a fine view of Maymyo and the forest around.

Colonel Roberts had a map. It was the same map of the world he had marked and studied so carefully on the Clipper. He spread it out on the woody mold under a tamarisk tree and we all stood around and looked at it very solemnly, saying nothing much or saying all the same old things about shipping, and "if the Ruskies hold" and "if India holds" and "if the Japs can't join up with the Germans in the Indian Ocean" and "if Australia holds" and so on.

Someone said, "Well, how are we going to do it?" and Roberts said wearily, "Well, I'm damned if I know." Someone said "Air. Air." The all-clear sounded and I was spared this day the old, old argument of the ground officers, as to whether "air could do it alone."

For dinner we had potatoes and cabbage.

* * *

After dinner tough Jack Belden, the *Time* and *LIFE* correspondent, lean and elegant George Rodger and gay, bouncing, resilient Berrigan, the *United Press* man, came in a jeep and took me to the



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GATOR ROACH HIVES

Maymyo Country Club. The Club was full of young British officers and there was a handful of pretty girls. Belden and Berrigan and Rodger all said they wished they could get out of Burma. It had become, they said, impossible to file dispatches. At Mandalay the last cable in Burma had been destroyed. Copy now had to be sent by hand to Lashio, put on a plane for either Chungking or Calcutta, where it had to be censored first by British or Chinese censors. Berrigan said that after jeeping from the front to Maymyo, which sometimes took two or three days, you often had to rest up a day before you were in shape to write a story. He said he'd bet it often was two weeks after he'd written his stories before they appeared in the New York papers. And in two weeks in this part of the world, he said, such a hell of a lot can happen.

And, Belden said, even the stories that did appear probably had the "hell cut out of them" by the censor. War, he said, is hell for a correspondent, when your side is losing. You can't say how *badly* you're losing because that just depresses everybody and you can't tell *why* you're losing because that's either comfort or information to the enemy. All you can do is wait until the whole thing is lost and then you file one big exciting story on the blowup, and then go to some other front. They thought Burma was being lost, not in the Sittang and Irrawaddy valleys but in New Delhi, London and Washington. Burma, they felt, was the result of inertia in India, obstinacy in England, ignorance in America.

Then they began to tell stories about the front, which were so exciting and bloody and terrifying and beautiful that I didn't get bored until midnight. Then Berrigan and Belden said, "We're going down tomorrow, we'll take you. You ought to see the front." And I said, "General Alexander offered to take me this morning. But with things going the way they are, we'd probably get blocked off by the Japs somewhere. We'd get out, but my feet would swell from walking, my lips crack with the sun, I'd get fatigued, and in the end you'd curse me and say 'why the hell did we bring a woman?' And whenever such bitter recriminations can be avoided, it is better for a woman to avoid them."

* * *

I asked Belden what he thought of the American mission. He said, "God! they're good eggs! And Stilwell's a honey! Wouldn't it be fun to see them leading American doughboys?" He said the most serious thing about the Chinese armies, nobody talked about: China had long imported rice from Indo-China, Siam and Thailand for the troops in Yunnan. And if that rice goes—and the oil—their only available source in Asia, he thought they'd have a bad time of it. He said, "God, they are an ill-equipped bunch. But if you wanted to feel your heart turn over with an exultant thrill, you ought to hear them charge into the field, yelling their exultant battle cry—'Chung Kuo Wan Wan Sui!'—that and the *Marseillaise* and Scotch bagpipes. What is our equivalent?"

To Lashio, Friday, April 20

Late this morning, with Colonel Roberts and two other officers who were hoping to get to Chungking, I took the road back to Lashio. We were late getting off because there was a two-hour air raid, so the whole trip was made in the blistering heat of high day.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Correspondent Jack Belden grins at wheel of his own jeep in which he raced up and down Burma. He finally hiked out of Burma with General Stilwell's evacuation party.

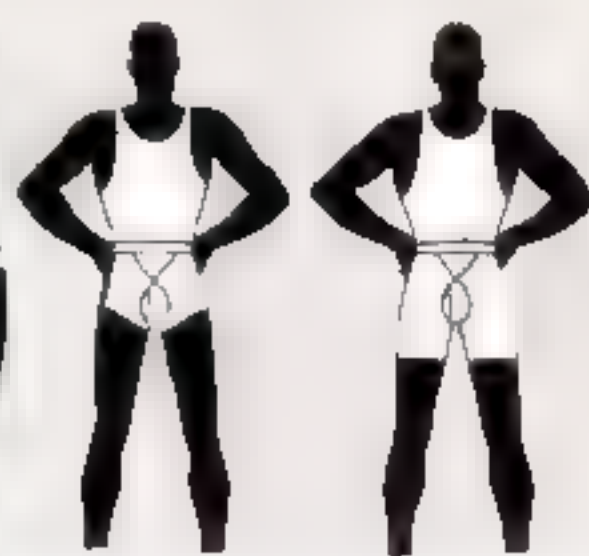
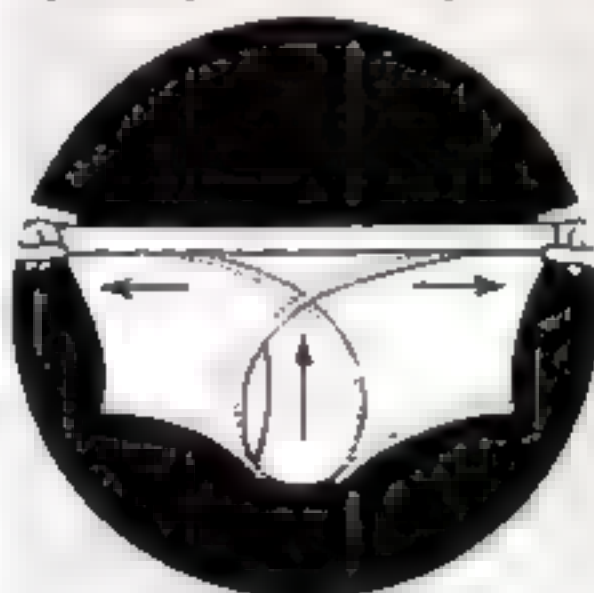
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Note the difference in the two styles shown here: * Intima and * Allstar. That's because each was created for a different bosom type. Send for Free Booklet L: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York, New York.

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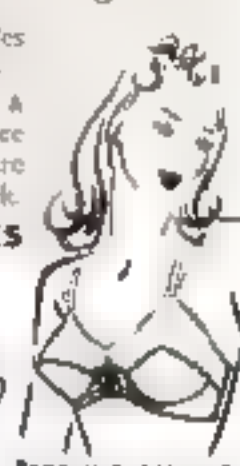
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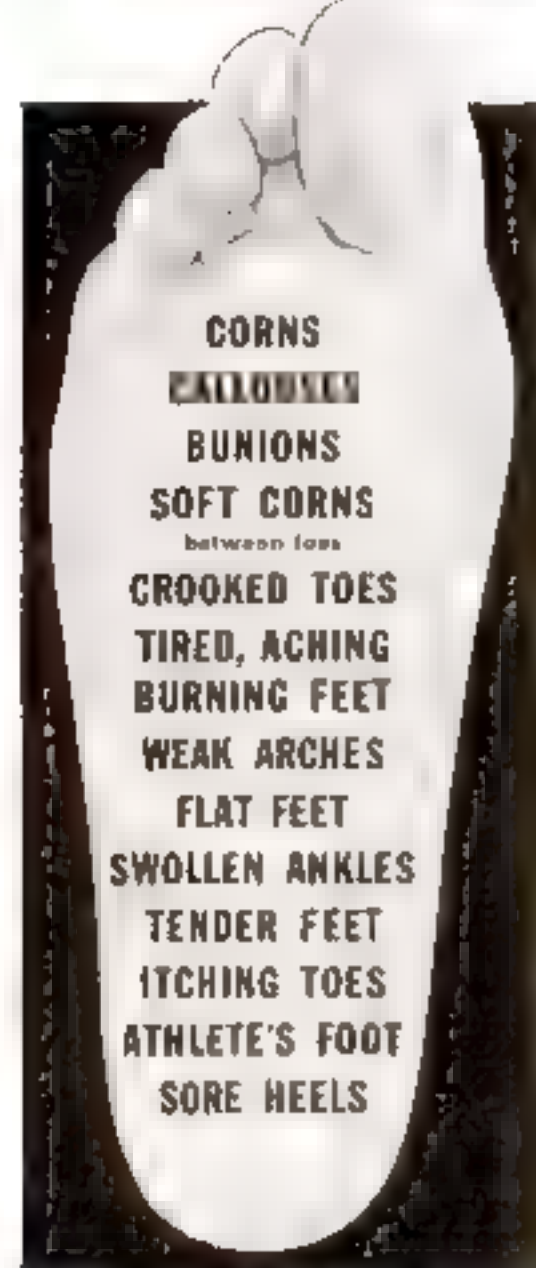
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BURMA MISSION (continued)

At 5 o'clock we came to the outskirts of Lashio and went on to Colonel Boatner's little three-room cottage. Boatner knew nothing about plane movements. "It wouldn't surprise me a bit," he said cheerfully, "if the Japs took out Lashio field tomorrow."

The telephone rang and Boatner yelled, "A CNAC plane headed for Chungking has just landed! It's taking off in 30 minutes!" I said, "I'll take it." Boatner said, "Your ticket reads 'to Calcutta.'" I said, "I'm either going to Chungking tonight, or I'm going back to Maymvo. I'll stick with either Stilwell or the Gissimo." Roberts said, "You're going to Chungking." We threw my baggage into the car and drove out to the airfield.

The CNAC pilot had gone into the operations building while the plane was being unloaded. When I found him, he was an American with a handsome dark face, slick black hair underlined by black eyebrows that made one straight line over his heavily lashed eyes. He was a character famous to millions of Americans—Dude Hennick of "Terry and the Pirates" fame. His real name is Higgs and his letters out of China to an old friend, Milt Caniff, the comic-strip artist, had inspired many of the adventures of the Dragon Lady and Burma.

I said, "Hello, Dude, my name's Burma Boothe and I'm a lady in distress which, I gather, is your specialty."

And he said, "Well, beautiful, if you're in distress, it's probably your own damn fault for being in China. What am I supposed to do?"

"Take me to Chungking—it's the only way I can get out of here. And then from Chungking bring me back to Calcutta."

He said, "Have you got a ticket on this plane?" And I said, "Obviously not or I wouldn't be in distress, would I?"

Presently the engines of the plane began to turn over. Roberts said, "You're off." The passengers were all Chinese civilians and most of them had babies. I lingered on the steps until the last minute. Then Roberts said, "Goodbye. You've got your story. And tell them the truth. The American people want to know. They've got the right, haven't they?"

"Oh, yes," Boatner said, "The story? If you know the story, tell me in three words. I'd like to know, too."

I got in the plane. "In three words? *Veni, Vidi, Evacui*—which means, we came, we saw, we got the hell out, Colonel."

"I think she's got the story," Boatner said cheerfully.

As we taxied off, I pressed my flashlight three times against the windowpane and Colonel Roberts answered with three small sharp flashes from his own.



"Dude Hennick" (real name: Frank L. Higgs), whose letter home inspired "Terry and the Pirates," poses with automatics beside the Douglas transport he flew into China.

DOWN WITH TOILET GERMS



You can always be sure of a sparkling-clean, sanitary toilet bowl. Sani-Flush removes ugly film, rust and incrustations. You don't scrub. Don't even touch the bowl with your hands. Each application of Sani-Flush cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Use it at least twice a week.



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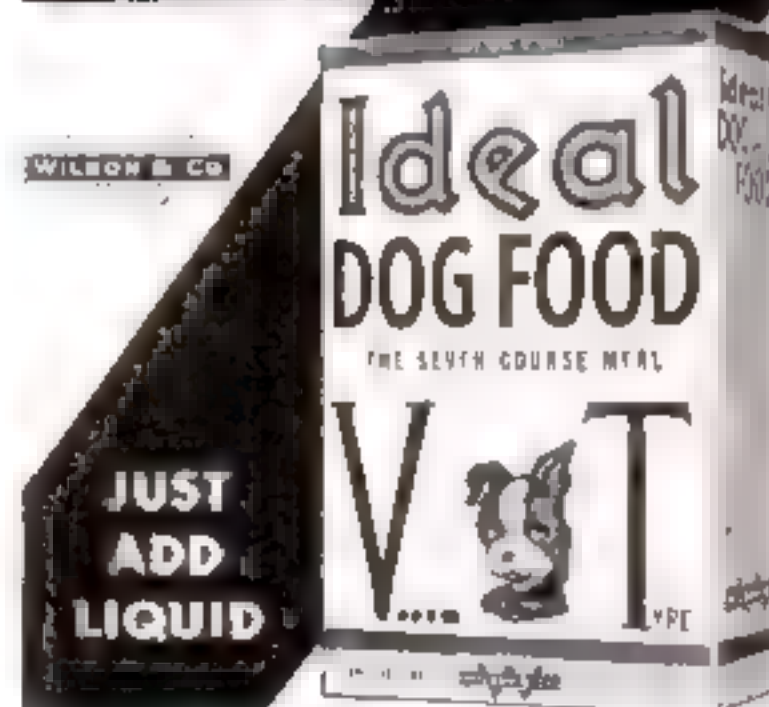
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But it's the toughest weapon these men you are looking at will ever take into battle. It's the stuff with which all our wars are won.

The boy in the uniform doesn't call it *morale*. That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.

Perhaps he can't give it a name. But he can tell you what it's made of.

It's made of the thrill he gets when his troop train stops at a junction point and fifty good-looking girls are at the station with cigarettes.

It's made of the appreciation he feels for a bright new USO clubhouse where he and his

friends can go for a few hours' rest and relaxation.

It's made of laughter and music—when Bob Hope or Lana Turner visits his camp with a USO show.

It's made of his invitations to the homes of pleasant strangers.

It's even made of a cup of coffee and a Yankee smile—at some lone outpost in Alaska or in the Caribbean.

Maybe it's just a feeling of kinship with this land of a hundred million generous people. Maybe it's just the understanding that this whole country cares; that the soldier is bone of our bone; that he and we are one.

Name it if you can. But it's the secret weapon of a democratic army—a weapon that can never be ersatzed in Germany or Japan.

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The needs of USO have grown as enormously as our armed forces themselves. This Spring we must have \$32,000,000.

Give all you can—whether it's a lot or a little.

Send your contribution to your local chairman or to USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

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Life Goes to a Party



AS SUN SETS ON EAGLE LAKE MURIEL AND HORACE TAPPLY HAVE LAST TRY AT CATCHING ANOTHER ELUSIVE SALMON



STARTING OUT FROM WARDEN'S CABIN "TAP" GUIDES CANOE

Life Goes Fishing for Landlocked Salmon in Maine

Horace and Muriel Tapply enjoy a fisherman's weekend at Eagle Lake

To historians Maine's Eagle Lake district is famous for the Aroostook War between the U. S. and Canada over boundaries and lumber. To fishermen the district is famous for the war between those who vow that small-mouthed bass are the fightingest fools and those who swear that landlocked salmon are even scrappier. To check up on the claims of the salmon's adherents, LIFE went fishing at Eagle Lake Camp with two expert anglers, Mr. & Mrs. Horace G. Tapply of Boston. The Tapplys are a rare couple who have really "lived" fishing all year since Horace ("Tap") until recently was editor of *Hunting & Fishing*.

MURIEL WATCHES "TAP" NETTING A SALMON. NETS ARE MADE OF LINEN CORD MESH STRUNG ON METAL HOOP ABOUT 16 IN. IN DIAMETER



HOLDING THE SQUIRMING SALMON IN HER





THROUGH TREES WHILE MURIEL CONCENTRATES ON FISHING

The history of landlocked salmon *Salmo salar* is a fish story shrouded with mystery but at one time the salmon must have fought its way up from the sea through Maine's rocky rivers. Then, on its return passage blocked, the salmon gradually became adjusted to this new fresh-water habitat. A fastidious fish, it thrives best in the clear, cold waters of Northern Maine lakes. Although smaller than its Atlantic relatives, the landlocked salmon still retains the traditional family beauty plus the spectacular jumping and fighting qualities which make it the No. 1 inland fish for angling experts like the Tapplys.

RIGHT HAND, MURIEL DISENGAGES HOOK FROM ITS MOUTH



"TAP" PLAYS A JUMPING SALMON. AS FISHING ETIQUET DEMANDS, MURIEL REELED IN AS SOON AS "TAP" HAD A BITE
OVER OPEN FIRE ON SHORE OF EAGLE LAKE MURIEL, GUIDE "CASH" AUSTIN AND "TAP" PREPARE TO COOK THEIR CATCH





STEP 1. Canvas covered with white gesso ground. Composition outlined with ink drawing.



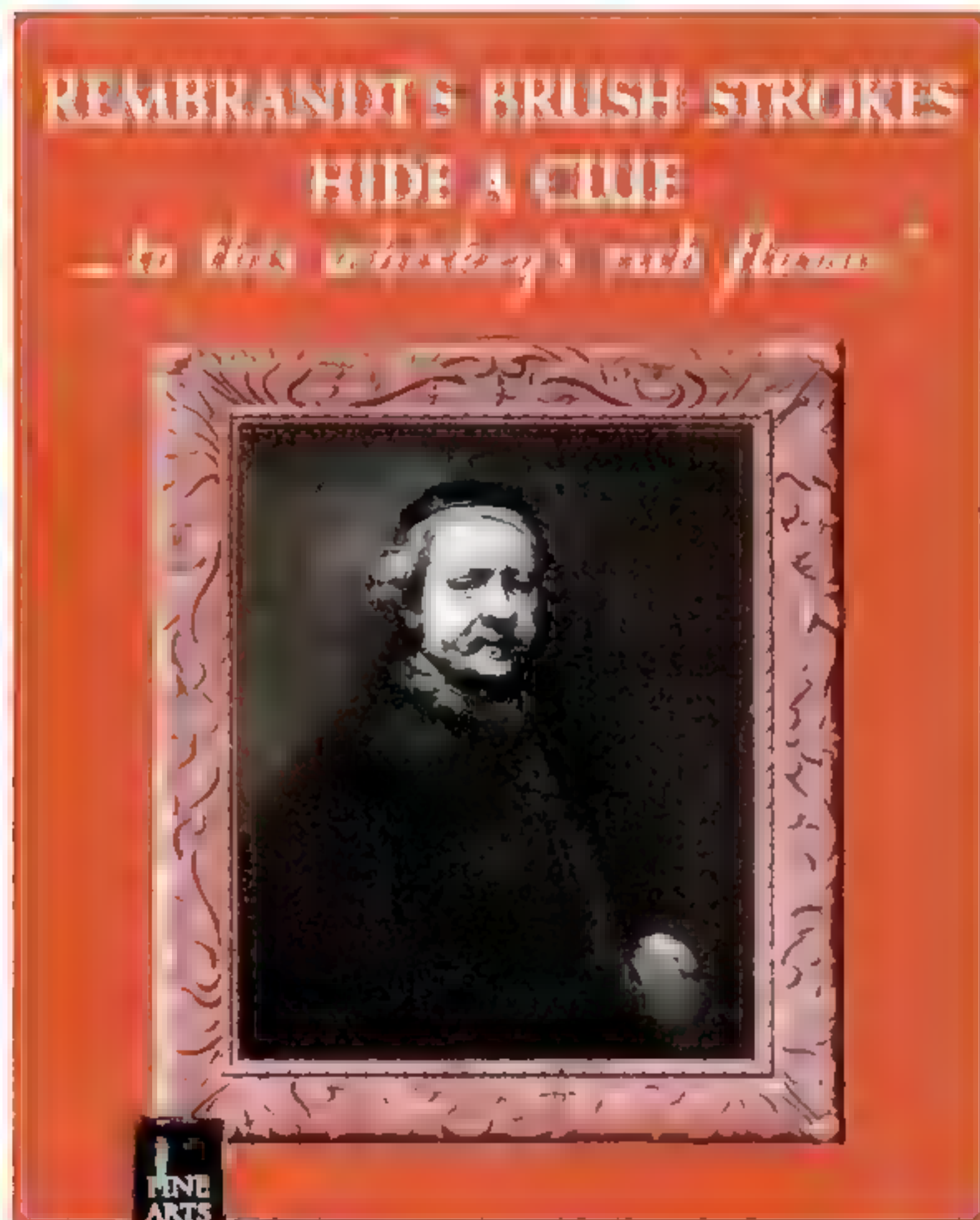
STEP 2. Varnish grayed with black applied to canvas. Light planes developed with tempera.



STEP 3. Form heightened and color base laid with mixture of whites and local colors.



STEP 4. Details introduced. Lights and darks blended by overlapping them with glazes.



How REMBRANDT enriched this masterpiece, "Portrait of Himself," by skilful *blending* of tones is portrayed above—in Rembrandt's own style—by Ernest Henne, noted contemporary artist.

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Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., N.Y.
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Life Goes Fishing (continued)



Day's catch by Tappas includes seven. The largest Dolly Varden is brought in by 14-25 fish or 10 lb. makes, pikes, rays. What a catch must be!—winning.



Telling a big one in front of the fireplace at Eagle Lake Camp's main building gives fishermen almost as much fun as landing a big one. The "Taps" (seated, left) recall



Winding own flies for next day's outing is part of "Tap's" evening routine. He and Muriel sit on cabin steps for a half hour before supper expertly tying "streamer" flies.



How Horace hooked a fish by the tail, how he caught the largest salmon on Moosehead Lake using a Dark Edison Tiger fly, or how Muriel bagged a 5¼-lb. brook trout.

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All of which is purposely under-stating the case for RING-FREE.



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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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Sirs

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peze is spinning rapidly as she falls, and will land safely in the net on her back. Other members of the troupe their stunts done await Miss Concello to take their bows to the roll of drums and trumpet fanfare.

HAROLD E. EDGERTON

Cambridge, Mass.



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BY KILLING ALL FIVE FUNGI

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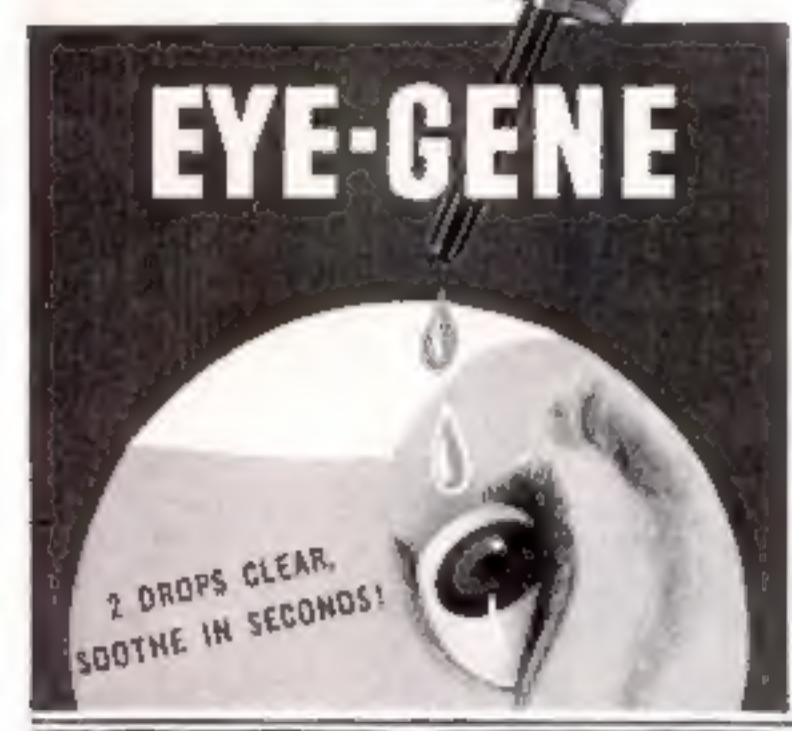
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THE RIGHT RINGS FOR THE LEFT HAND
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TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1834 MCGRAW DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

GUARDIAN ANGEL

Sirs:

In the Ashland Cemetery sits a stone
angel. A robin came and built her nest
in the angel's lap and she, like a guard-
ian, watched over the eggs. The ceme-
tery superintendent would not let the
nest be disturbed. When the eggs
hatched the little birds were drowned
by the rain.

ROBERT M. BEER

Ashland, Ohio



BUMPING KNEES

Sirs:

My year-old collie Skippy got the
idea that it was great fun to run away
and have me come dashing after. Skippy
never tired of the sport but mine was
another story. So I thought up this de-
vice for keeping him nearer home. The
board serves two purposes: it makes
Skippy uncomfortable enough when he
is running to think twice about how far
he goes and if he decides to take the
bumps he can find out where to return
if he wanders too far. Maybe it's from
discomfort, maybe he really knows how
to read but anyway he hasn't gone off
since I tied the board around his neck.

GERALD ALLEN LOOKE

Brockton, Mass.



DO YOU MAKE A GOAT OF YOUR STOMACH?



We humans often put a goat to shame by the way we gorge our-
selves on weird combinations of rich food and drink! And then we
wonder why our stomachs get upset! Go easy with such stomach
upsets—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

Never Upset an Upset Stomach!

When your stomach is on strike don't strike back at it by
taking overdoses of antacids or harsh, drastic physics!

TAKE PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation
is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It
spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated
stomach and intestinal walls... thus helping to calm
and quiet common digestive upsets, and to retard
intestinal fermentation, gas formation and simple
diarrhea. Get a bottle today!

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three
sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL...
To relieve sour, sickish, upset stomach; distress
after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion;
heartburn... And to retard intestinal fer-
mentation; gas formation; simple
diarrhea.

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine



PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P.B.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOW MY PRECIOUS
STOCKINGS LAST
AS MUCH AS
20% LONGER!



SHE'S LEARNED THAT

PERSPIRATION IS ACID
...it **EATS** silk stockings!

ONLY IVORY SNOW

combines these 2 great advantages
that help your stockings L-A-S-T!

• To get the most wear possible from those silk stockings you cherish—you just mustn't overlook the daily danger of acid perspiration.

With new, different Ivory Snow, it's so simple to fight this menace . . . and to get up to 20% more stocking wear, too! Just give up careless washing methods—whisk your stockings through a quick 2-minute bath in rich Ivory Snow suds, after every wearing.

But be sure you use only Ivory Snow. For Ivory Snow is something new in fine-fabric soaps.

It's made in tiny "snowdrops" of pure soap that burst into thorough-cleansing suds in 3 seconds—even in cool water! And Ivory Snow brings you 2 advantages no other soap combines (see right).

REMEMBER THESE ADVANTAGES—
ONLY IVORY SNOW GIVES BOTH!



1. It's Ivory pure—wonderfully safe for all your fine washables.

2. It's made in tiny, pure-white "snowdrops" that dissolve like a flash in cool water—about 4 times faster than any popular soap in this form.

No wonder Ivory Snow acts surely against acid perspiration, to help stockings L-A-S-T!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE



Miss Ivory Snow Tells

**HOW TO GET LONGER WEAR
FROM THOSE NEW RAYON STOCKINGS:**

1. Don't be careless—wash them in pure Ivory Snow suds after every wearing. Be sure to handle gently.
2. Avoid hot water—it's easy to get rich suds in cool water with Ivory Snow.
3. All-rayon stockings, and stockings in which rayon is combined with other fibres (silk, cotton, nylon), must be thoroughly dry before wearing.

99% PURE

RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN COOL WATER!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

COPY KITTY

Sirs:

Our 14-month-old little girl is learning early to imitate her elders. Not content with being dressed like her mother, she has also taken to practicing the old rule

of 50 brush strokes each morning, 50 strokes each night. The fact that she has practically no hair doesn't phase her. She just gurgles gleefully at her shiny pate.

MARVIN WHEELER

Tuscaloosa, Ala.



THE NEWS FROM HOME

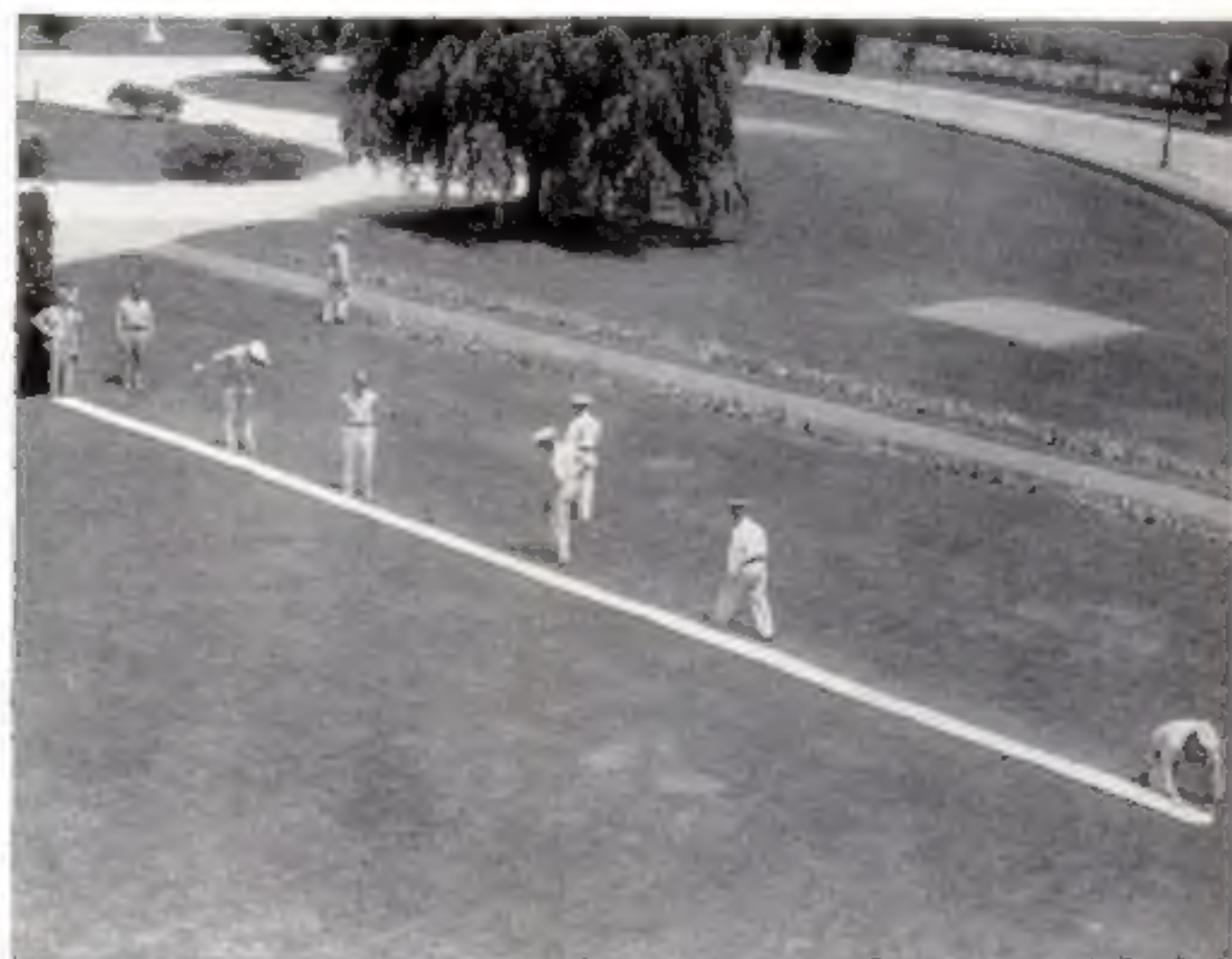
Sirs:

When Bank Teller Marshall Showalter Jr. left Huntingdon, Pa. in 1941 to enlist in the Army, he wanted to hear all the news from home. But he never expected to get quite so much news all at once as was told him in this letter—by all odds the longest ever mailed from the Hunt-

ingdon post office. On its 70 ft. are 176 messages—local news, rhymes, limericks, recipes for beating the Japs—from as many friends and neighbors. Airmail postage on it to the base where Private First Class Showalter is now serving was \$1.92. And well worth it.

GEORGE S. PORTER

Huntingdon, Pa.



ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.

Frankie Frog, who painted cuties,
Certainly knew his bathing beauties.

2.

So when he picked the fair Francine
As "Miss Millpond"—he picked a queen.



3. Now Frank is hers and Fran is his—
A merger smooth as CALVERT is.
Yes, Happy Blending of the best
Gives both romance and whiskey zest.



4. That's why each drop of CALVERT mates
The richest, rarest whiskey traits.
No drink has got what CALVERT'S got—
It's *Happy Blending*. Try a spot!

Clear Heads
Choose **Calvert**



THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Off to the auctions. Painted from life in the tobacco country by Doris Lee

**So you could enjoy fine, mild tobacco like this,
we paid 33%* more in Fairmont, N. C.**

YOU COULD LOOK for a month of Sundays and not find a more typical tobacco town than Fairmont, N. C.

Fairmont is one of the many Southern towns where Luckies buy tobacco. Here as elsewhere, year in and year out, we consistently choose the milder, better-tasting leaf . . . and pay the price to get it.

For example: In Fairmont, at auctions of the 1939 crop, the makers of Luckies paid 33% more—yes, 33% above the average market price—to get this finer, milder tobacco.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well

above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed and blended with other fine crops, is in Luckies today.

To independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts . . . and because we pay the price to get it, the finer, milder leaf is in Luckies. Remember that, next time you buy cigarettes.



*33% more than the average market price reported by U.S. Department of Agriculture.

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1